

# The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

## *The Mexican Gang*

By FRANCIS McCULLAGH

## *The Rotarian Gospel*

By WALTER GLENN NARBON

## *Jamaica vs. St. Francis*

By GRANT MORGAN

## *The Passionists in China*

Vol. 7, No. 6

January, 1928

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# The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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# *A New Home Mission*

TO THE READERS OF THE SIGN.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

That there is an abundance of work to be done at home is an objection frequently made by some Catholics to sending American priests and nuns on missions to the heathen. This objection is not wanting in strength, for with the marvelous growth of the Church in the United States we have not too many priests and nuns to take care of our domestic needs.

However, we should not forget that the Church is commissioned on a world-wide missionary charter, that all peoples have the divine right to hear Christ's Gospel, and that no part of the Church is exempt from the plain obligation of contributing both men and means to the widening of God's Kingdom in foreign parts.

In accordance with these ideas the American Passionists right cheerfully and at the cost of much sacrifice undertook the evangelization of the Province of Hunan, China. To that territory they have sent within the brief period of less than seven years thirty priests, one Brother and nine Sisters. The enormous amount of good already wrought by these missionaries is but a slight indication of what in the new day that is now dawning for China they shall accomplish.

The Passionist Order is essentially a missionary institute. During the seventy-five years of its American history it has been continuously and indefatigably engaged in the preaching of missions to Catholics and non-Catholics, to whites and colored and Mexicans along our southern border. It begins the year 1928 by inaugurating a special missionary enterprise among the colored people of North Carolina.


Since the erection of the Diocese of Raleigh there has been infused into the Church of the Old North State a new spirit of enthusiastic zeal. The program laid out by Bishop Hafey is generous in its proportions and bids fair to be carried through without confronting any insuperable barriers. The Passionist Fathers are only too happy to help the Bishop in his labors for the colored people in his diocese.

While the apostolic endeavors of THE SIGN are confined to helping our missions in China, I ask you to pray God to bless the Passionist activities among the colored folk of the South, and I assure you that any donations for this work will be gratefully received.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

*Father Harold Purcell, C.P.*



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Volume Seven

January, 1928

Number Six

## Current Fact and Comment

### Francis McCullagh

FRANCIS MCCULLAGH, author of "The Mexican Gang," (pages 339-344) scored his first great beat at the battle of Port Arthur, 1903. He was on a ship that slipped out of the bay and gave the *New York Herald* its news of the great victory of the Japanese over the Russians three days before the rest of the world's correspondents could get free of the censorship of both sides.

He has covered every war and every great event in the world with brilliant success since then. He has traveled and lived in every part of the world. He knows most of the world's languages and most of the history of its nations.

He was working on a Russian newspaper in Moscow when the World War broke out—but that interrupted his journalistic career. He was too busy fighting as a captain in the Irish Fusiliers, fighting with them through the bloody shambles of Gallipoli—to write about it.

He went into Siberia with a British Mission and saved its entire personnel by his own knowledge of Russian when the Bolsheviks smashed the white Admiral Koltchak and his British supporters in 1918! It led to one of McCullagh's greatest exploits. Disguising himself as a Siberian peasant he penetrated alone to Ekaterinburg and was the first non-Russian to reach the scene of the death of the Czar and his family and to interview their executioner, Yurosof. His account of that tragedy again startled the world. By it all subsequent tales of the fate of the royal family have been judged.

His stories from Russia, fearlessly defying the Bolshevik censorship, roused the world to save the lives of the Russian clergymen whom the

Reds were juridically murdering in the year 1921.

McCullagh has always been an independent, the last of the great tribe of correspondents such as Kipling sung. He was last heard of a year ago traveling up the Amazon by canoe, crossing the Andes and starting down the West Coast to Cape Horn.

Some weeks ago he returned from Mexico. He had scented a story there. Quietly, on his own, speaking perfect Spanish, he slipped into and through the country for nearly a month before going to the capital. Through these experienced eyes, in the light of this ripe and utterly fearless judgment, a picture of Mexico as it is now comes to the world.

Francis McCullagh has smashed through the Mexican censorship.

This famous correspondent has a story that may change a whole trend of history. He penetrated Bolshevik Russia "in his own" during the height of the Terror. He has done the same in Mexico. He has seen things that will open the eyes of the United States. His charges are backed by statements of fact, with dates, names and places.

Another article by Mr. McCullagh on the Mexican situation will appear in the February issue of THE SIGN.

### Gear Shift Religion

SO MUCH interest has been aroused among our readers by Grant Morgan's articles on "Anglican Acrobats" and "Counterfeit Catholicism," that it may not be out of place to give the views of a recent convert to the Episcopalian

Church. He is Mr. T. M. Pearce, of Albuquerque, Ariz., and his views are set forth in a communication to *The Churchman*:

As a newcomer in the Episcopal Church, I find it hard to understand the different types of churchmanship, and I am a little worried for fear that in many cases each has become an attitude rather than a nationally held position. I should like to see at least some slight unity of teaching and observance and ordinance.

Let us take the central institution of Christian Worship for consideration—the Lord's Supper. I was baptized and grew to manhood as a Disciple of Christ, that great brotherhood founded as a movement for Christian unity. There is no more Evangelical and Protestant group on earth than the Disciples, and yet doctrinally and sacramentally they give first place on the Lord's Day to the communion of the Lord's Supper. Why can't we unite on this certainly holy, universal, Christian, and apostolic service? Vestments, lights, etc., are incidental. Let those matters be the High and Low of Churchmanship. I'm sick of High, Low and Intermediate churchmanship. They sound like a sort of religious gear shift. Let viewpoints differ as to the meaning of the service if they need to, although I should think everyone could unite on the sixth chapter of the gospel of John. It is good for Christians to gather at the Lord's table in memory of his passion. Where our churches do not emphasize Holy Communion, I feel that I have made a mistake to leave the Lord's table as it is spread every Sunday in the churches of the Disciples.

May I mention a second matter of worship? I am thoroughly disheartened at our late Communion Services celebrated by some mysterious logic on only the first Sunday of each month. Why not the third or fourth or second, or all of them? And why must the minister always announce before the Prayer for the Church, "The organist will now play a voluntary while those who are not going to commune may leave the church"? I once asked a minister why he didn't have a voluntary played before he preached his sermon so that those not desiring to listen that morning might leave the church. Certainly it would be no ruder to turn one's back on the minister than to turn one's back on the Lord in the sacrament of His love, the Communion.

The bewildered situation of Mr. Pearce is that of many another sincere Episcopalian. When will such men as Bishops Brent and Manning cease to make themselves ridiculous by stating that Christian Re-Union is to be attained largely through the efforts of the Episcopalian Church. Surely a house that cannot achieve its own unity is hardly fit to re-unite Christendom.

### *Straws for Drowning Men*

AN ALL-WISE Creator plants in the heart of the tiny babe a driving thirst for happiness. Every fibre in its pigmy body is attuned to the obtaining of this trove. Romping about the

nursery floor, cooing and gurgling, it is seeking happiness. Later, in lisping the sacred name of mother, or in digging in a sandpit or in frolicking on the playground, it is still in the quest of the fleeting boon. When the babe becomes a growing boy and swings into his teens, the desire for happiness takes on an added impulse; a new power has grown within his frame—he has reached the age of puberty. And with it has come a merciless conflict. His erstwhile careless abandon to anything that pleased him may now be turned to lust. The unchecked happiness of nursery, sandpit and playground have been put aside and an enticing desire is arrayed in the deathless battle against strength of will. In this conflict any book that adequately treats of purity and, written solely for boys, is a real help and a distinct contribution to the cause of Christ.

Many such books have been written by Catholics and it is not without a pang that one scores our own writers; nor is it with malice that one attacks their picturesque literary creations. But the sober truth of the poet's words encourages us to this effect, "The strength of criticism lies only in the weakness of the thing criticized."

These compositions are as chaste as the subject with which they are concerned. Those years of youth from the time he enters his teens, innocent and unaware, until he is well into his twenties, with his passions laced into form, one described in a chaste and engaging manner. There are glowing platitudes, swelling periods of vivid descriptions, of resounding climaxes, but, alas! for the labor and tedium of writing. These things could never pass beyond the surfaces of our tackle-smashing, end-dashing, red-blooded American boy. Neither decidedly Catholic nor particularly heathen, these books fall into a middling class of social uplifters, on a plane with current "big brother" publications. Nothing is said of the Blessed Sacrament, even though It is the Bread of the strong and the Wine generating virgins. Nothing is said of prayer, even though it is lauded by the Fathers of the Church and even though Sacred Scripture is insistent in commending its practice and vigorous in condemning its neglect and in spite of the fact that the gentle Master gave us such pulsating examples of its worth, for "being in agony He prayed the longer" and then marched "eyes front, firm of foot, brave of heart" to His combat with all the legions of evil.

Painting with a brilliant flow of words a supernatural virtue and giving earthly means of attaining it, is humor as ruthless as that of the Oriental

## THE † SIGN

princes who prepared sumptuous banquets and chained their starving prisoners in sight of them. Nor is this defect remedied by occasional references to God and the Blessed Virgin. These are but straws thrown to drowning men. The whole book should be but an enlargement of these topics, if any good is to be accomplished, if the authors themselves wish to escape any charge of Semi-Pelagianism that carping critics may level against their earnest and honest efforts.

A whole book could be written on this anecdote: the students of Notre Dame University were asked to answer truthfully and anonymously this question: "What benefit do you reap from the Blessed Sacrament?" One undergraduate made the pungent and inspiring reply: "It gives me the strength to say 'No.'"

### *The Protestant Confessional*

"THE CONFESSORIAL, which Protestantism threw out the door is coming back through the window," solemnly announces the Rev. Dr. Fosdick, rector of the elite Park Avenue Church, New York, in *The New Age Illustrated*. He makes haste, however, to assure his readers that the confessional which is coming in through the windows is not the same as that which they threw out the doors. It is coming, he avers, "in utterly new forms, to be sure, with new methods and with an entirely new intellectual explanation appropriate to the Protestant churches, but motivated by a real determination to help meet the inward problems of individuals." His large alarm is the fear that church members are hot foot after psychiatrists for sympathetic and intelligent treatment. Ergo—the minister must set up his own office, "for the successful handling of spiritual aspects of individual problems."

If the psychiatrists can give the same soothing help to the individual member—and the doctor urges "the wise minister to work with the psychiatrist"—in what does the minister differ from the psychiatrist? What is this "successful handling of spiritual aspects of individual problems?" What can the wise minister do that the wise psychiatrist cannot do? Why not let the minister preach the sermon and the psychiatrist hear the confessions?

It is to be hoped that when the Protestant really desires to come to the confessional it will be in the true Church as well; in that Church which never threw the glorious Sacrament of Penance out of its doors; which has always believed and

taught that the Lord meant it when He said: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them."

### *Blatant Atheism*

CHIEFLY FOR a matter of record we reprint here two letters. The first was written on October 28, 1927, by Charles Smith, President of The American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, to Cecil B. DeMille, cinema producer.

Mr. Cecil B. DeMille,  
Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR SIR:

Your telegraphic reply to our protest against your forthcoming picture has been received. It is satisfactory, excepting the main point. You state:

"No authorized statement mentioning Atheism in connection with my next picture has been made by me or any representative of mine. The subject of my next picture will be high schools and reform schools and the inadvisability of propaganda of any sort being circulated through the schools. It is not an attack upon any creed or religion or sect and in fact it is in no sense a religious picture. Its main theme is a protest against violence of any sort perpetrated by any creed or sect to force belief in its own doctrines. There is no immorality of any kind in the picture. As to the prostitution of art, any complaint that you may have to make along this line on the subject of my two recent pictures, 'The Ten Commandments' and 'The King of Kings,' should be made to Will Hays' office in New York. Your telegraphic suggestion, however, that I eliminate the thought of God from my future pictures I must discard inasmuch as up to the present time this is a free country and I feel that I have as much right to use my medium of expression to give the world my thought as you have the right to use your medium of expression to give the world your thought. Kind personal regards."

You have, of course, the legal right to produce pictures upholding belief in God and presenting Atheism as conducive to immorality. You also have the equal right to produce a motion picture reflecting unfavorably upon Catholicism or Judaism. But if you produced such a picture you would be overwhelmed with protests, and will doubtless heed them as producers have done in the past. The American Association for the Advancement of Atheism cannot prosecute you for using the movies to sustain religion and blacken the character of Atheists, but it protests against your doing so. We are opposed, not to references to the God-idea, but to any presentation of it, as in "The Ten Commandments" and "The King of Kings," as being true.

If all the Atheists in America were organized, they would be powerful enough to prevent profitable production of anti-Atheist motion pictures. We propose to organize them. Meantime, we protest against religious propaganda in the movies.

Copy of this letter is being sent to the Will Hays' office in New York.

Cordially yours,  
(Signed) CHARLES SMITH, President.



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The second letter, dated November 2, 1927, is an answer to the foregoing by Will H. Hayes.

Mr. Charles Smith, President,  
American Association for the  
Advancement of Atheism, Inc.,  
119 East 14th Street,  
New York City.

MY DEAR MR. SMITH:

I have not been unmindful of your letter enclosing copies of the communications from you to Mr. DeMille and from him to you.

It is proper for you to write me, as suggestions from individuals and organizations that have to do with motion pictures, whatever their nature and whatever their source, are received and carefully considered by us.

The motion picture, of course, never can be used for propaganda.

Building upon their faith in a Creator, and in a God of Justice and Mercy, men have established certain codes of conduct, pursuance of which tends to develop the happiness, peace, and comfort of their fellow men. These codes, these thoughts, are inseparable from religion; and rather than see the motion picture, by the elimination of God from it (which would be utterly unnatural) used to discourage the religion from which these ideals of right living and of right thinking spring, I would prefer to see the motion picture utterly destroyed. And I can think of few more calamitous happenings than to take from the world the motion picture which has clothed the empty existence of far-off hamlets with joy and lifted listless folk till they walk the peaks of romance and adventure like their own Main Street.

The motion picture, I may add, is concerned with drama, and drama is concerned with whatever man does. Potentially, everything touching man—his thoughts, his ideals, ideas, aspirations, his ambitions—is motion picture material. To ask us to eliminate God and man's belief in God, therefore, is to ask us to eliminate one of the most profound urges in man—the spiritual urge. Such is unthinkable.

In fact, to ask us to eliminate God from motion pictures is equivalent to asking that sunshine be barred from the playgrounds where emaciated, ill-kept children of the tenements find a moment's respite of happiness. It is equivalent to asking us to blot the stars from the heavens because men may look at them and dare to ask themselves, as Napoleon did of his fellow voyagers into Egypt, "But who, gentlemen, made all those?"

We could not do it if we wanted to. God is in every art, in every laudable ambition, in every worthy achievement. God is in laughter and in drama and in beautiful landscapes, and it is in a genuine spirit of reverence that I state that God is in our wholesome pleasures and our wholesome entertainment.

The motion picture industry has not been without its faults. Mistakes have been made and will be made. But it is today, and will ever be, the hope and desire of those of us who have at heart the best interests of the industry and of the great public whose servants we are, to make this industry more and more the ally of good citizenship with respect for the ethics and the codes that man, out of his faith in a Creator

and a goal to life, has bred and cherished.

With personal regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) WILL H. HAYS.

We have been more than once disgusted with the caperings of Mr. Smith as noted in the metropolitan press. But we are rather pleased that his foolish letter was the occasion of evoking such a splendid reply from the Director General of the Moving Picture Industry.

### *England's New Prayer Book*

IN ORDER to get at the heart of the great controversy in England touching the New Prayer Book of the Anglican Church (in this country the Episcopalian) it is necessary to know that that church is largely divided into two sections—the out and out Protestant or Evangelical party and the Anglo-Catholic or Romanizing party.

The New Prayer Book contains certain paragraphs which permit the teaching of specific Catholic doctrine, chiefly the doctrine of Transubstantiation or the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist. The Protestant party objects strenuously to any change.

From the controversy some definite facts are apparent:

1. The Prayer Book was supported by the majority of the Anglican bishops under the leadership of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York.
2. The book passed the House of Lords.
3. It was defeated by the House of Commons.
4. It will hardly be put up to Parliament this year or even next year though there will then be a new Parliament.

We cannot help pointing out two morals:

1. The Church of England is under the control of the Government which has the right to decide its political status and also to define its doctrinal teaching—rather a piteous church to belong to for those who have thought it to re-echo the voice of God!

2. Protestantism has triumphed over Anglo-Catholicism in England. In the words of Lloyd George: "Protestantism is no longer the under dog. The House of Commons has placed it once more on the top end." Let those sincere Anglo-Catholics, therefore, who believe in so much of Catholic doctrine no longer halt between two ways but come over to Rome where the Church of Christ will speak to their wavering hearts in the strong accents of divine authority.



# Monte Amiata

*Chiusi: Etruscan Tombs. The Virgin Martyr. Early Christian Catacombs.  
The Mountain Road. Radicofani: The Tale of the Abbot. Ham for Breakfast.*

HERE IS something fascinating about the very name of it, rich in beautiful associations, and having the added glamor of being a region almost unknown. Repeatedly the far, blue mountain peak had been pointed out to us, and its name called with a sort of rapture: "Monte Amiata." It was a sort of land of desire, distant, lovely, azure-tinted. Was it a real place? Could one really go there? Nobody we knew had ever been to it. When vacation time came and the heat of Rome made an exit desirable, we found ourselves confronted by a long list of places, and not one of them appealed to us. The little group of workers, perhaps tired, was listless and nothing pleased them. At the end of July we were still in the city with the thermometer at ninety in the shade.

"I vote," one proposed, "that we lie down in the shade of our own home trees and die." It was too hot to bother answering. Then another voice, faint and languid: "The professor is going to Monte Amiata." Monte Amiata! Even I sat up. "Can one go there? Is it real, or only a bit of stage scenery?" But an electric spark had touched us all, and presently we were wide awake and full of enthusiasm. A magnificent mountain,

dense woods, crags flung heavenward, and gray medieval villages and towers clinging to the highest points. Monte Amiata! It was the very thing.

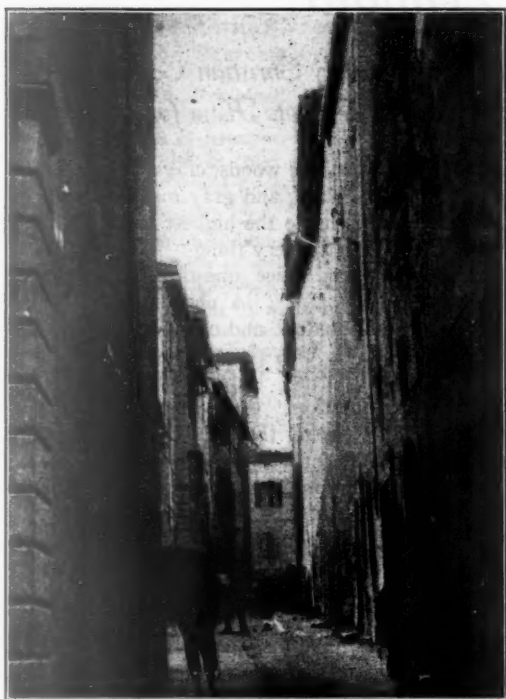
Only one weak voice questioned: "What is Monte Amiata?" . . . A chorus of indignant protests rose in answer, and one sarcastic brother explained: "It is the place where the *Codex Amiatinus* was born." But young America only had another question: "And what is the *Codex Amiatinus*?" "Seeing that you have just graduated from a State university and don't know, one ought not to tell you. But it's a priceless illuminated book in the Laurenziana in Florence, one of the earliest known copies of the Gospels, written on parchment and painted. And it is said to have been made by the monks of the Abbey of St. Savior on Monte Amiata in the sixth or seventh century." "Cardinal Gasquet says it was made by the Benedictines of Wearmouth," objected the student, "and he ought to know." But the subject was dropped in a general avalanche of talk regarding trains, time tables, suitcases, and so forth.

Monte Amiata is the highest mountain in Tuscany, reaching an altitude of about 5,350 feet. It is visible from many points, at consider-



CHIUSI: ETRUSCAN WALL. PANORAMIC VIEW FROM THE SOUTHWEST

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A STREET IN ANCIENT CHIUSI

able distances, and in 1910 a giant cross of fine Siennese iron-work was erected upon its summit by an association which had decided to thus consecrate all the highest peaks in Italy to Christ the Redeemer. The mountain is said to be an extinct volcano, resting upon a calcareous base, and its splendid mass, isolated by the three valleys of the streams called the Orcia, the Paglia and the Fiora, soars in stupendous majesty, everywhere commanding magnificent views of lower hills, declines, and lakes. Its sides are covered with verdure. Toward the base, a ring of six ancient, historic towns is set about it upon ridges said to be the hardened out-pourings from the crater of the one-time volcano—their names: Campiglia, Abbazia S. Salvatore, Pian Castagnai, Santa Fiora, Arcidosso, Castel del Piano. Magic names, lovely and most desirable spots, which the antiquarian and the artist alone can appreciate at their full worth. It is the least populated district in Italy, one of the least known, and it has not even been photographed. Needless to say it is primitive, and the seeker after modern comforts had better stay away. But we are still far from Monte Amiata.

We elected to go by Chiusi because the connections seemed better. It took about three

hours to reach the ancient city, and there we were to leave the train and sleep at the hotel, starting out at dawn on the morrow by the mountain stage. Chiusi itself is interesting enough and it has a great past. Under the name Camars, it was one of the twelve *lucumonie* or autonomies of the Etruscans, self-governed under a chief entitled *lucumon*, some seven hundred years before the Christian era. Under its ruler Porsena, in 520 B.C., it dared to march against great Rome in the attempt to reset Tarquin the Proud upon his throne. When ultimately it, too, fell before the imperial eagles, Rome changed even its name and styled it Clusium. Many remnants of the Etruscan days remain, and chiefly a number of tombs, little chambers dug out of the hillsides, in which objects of all kinds, reflecting that ancient civilization, were found and now form a very interesting museum in the city.

The tombs have stone doors and door-jambs; benches running around the interior; and sarcophagi with figures reclining upon them, or urns, containing the ashes of the dead. One of the most famous is called the Tomb of the Monkey owing to a curious painting upon the wall. It represents several figures taking part in athletic exercises or sports, and at the end is a man leading a monkey by a string, just as the modern organ-grinder leads him. This monkey has taken hold of the popular imagination and the tomb is called by its name. The monkey is not a native of Italy, consequently to the Etruscans of 700 B.C., it may also have been an exotic and curious animal.

CHIUSI HAS a cathedral, dedicated to a local martyr, the virgin St. Mustiola, whose relics are venerated beneath the high altar. An effigy of the saint represents her in the semblance of life, or rather of death, sleeping after her martyrdom, at rest, a lily in her hand. She died for the Faith either under Valerianus (A.D. 258) or during the persecution of Diocletian (A.D. 303). We were not able to see the catacombs which were closed, but they are genuine Christian catacombs of the third century, similar to those in Rome, and it was there that St. Mustiola the martyr lay until her relics were removed to the cathedral.

We dined at the hotel, and saw at another table two American students who had come to see the Etruscan tombs and museum. They took train again that night, however, while we remained and rose on the morrow before dawn to take the autobus which plies to the mountain region. We

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had asked to have the front seats reserved for us, but the driver decided that another passenger needed them more than we did. When we saw the girl, white and wan, and drawing her breath with difficulty, we agreed he was right. Her brother was taking her to the mountains, a mere hope. He kept his arm around her, trying to save her from the jolts—a beautiful, pathetic, and tragic devotion. Such things as these are among the best in life. Poor people, too; evidently of the working class. But what a drama it was, up there on the front seat!

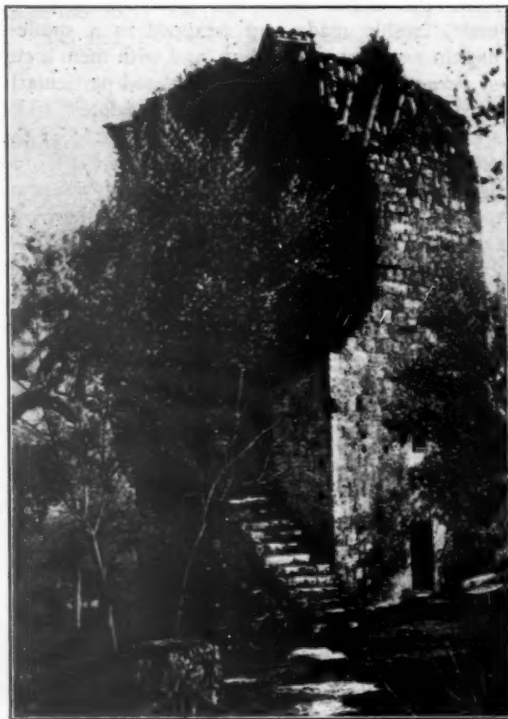
We got under way and it was just daylight. Chiusi, asleep still, amid the shadowy hills which stood clear and sharply defined against a sky that was blushing like a rose. The road unwound before us like a ribbon—one of those marvellous mountain roads of Italy, a tradition of the military engineers of Imperial Rome, boldly cast, fearless, seeking the level wherever it can, skirting hillside and valley where it must, but always advancing swiftly and proudly, unarrested by the obstacles which it incessantly overcomes. One after another the little gray villages, clinging to the hill-tops or bestriding the stony peaks, passed before us in the unfolding of the immense, ever-varied panorama. The air was sharp, clean, life-giving, but cold; and the rolling of the stage made one sleepy. A good two hours had elapsed, and two and a half more of travel were before us. It had been impossible to get breakfast at Chiusi, and people who are chilled and hungry are not keen about landscape. A genuine thrill did stir us, however, when before us rose a soaring peak, all gray stone, rising to a sort of pinnacle upon which, held high up in the pure air, was a gray stone castle, remote, eerie, alone.

**R**ADICOFANI! Historic name, strong tower known already to Dante, and which the literature of Italy has immortalized. How exalted, how threatening upon its commanding peak, and what detachment from all the lower world around it! One has a sense of gray eyes looking down from beneath beetling gray eyebrows, half-angry that all other things and places are so far below. One could not take one's gaze from this wonder of age and of isolation. The castle is set 3,000 feet above sea-level, and grafted upon stark rock. No verdure anywhere, though on the sheltered side of the granitic shaft and near its base, a portion of forest has grown, like a mantle of green laid down behind the stronghold. In the eleventh century the town had been a dependency of the Abbey of St. Savior at Monte Amiata, but

in the thirteenth it fell into the power of one Ghino di Tacco, a bandit nobleman who held it against all comers, and who frequently descended with his swarm of ruffian soldiers to waylay travelers or to rob his neighbors.

**T**HE TERROR of his name was great, yet the man was a genuine wit, and he often showed himself generous to his foes and noble-hearted in the midst of many misdeeds. The Holy See had condemned and banished him for depredations, and, curiously enough, this Ghino—who cared so little what men thought of him—was deeply grieved at the displeasure of the Pontiff. Boccaccio in his *Decamerone* has told how Ghino won his pardon. We give it here in brief, after stating that Dante places Ghino in Purgatory, but does not judge him worthy of Hell.

The Abbot of Cluny, who lived like a prince and was much troubled by gout, indigestion and other ills, set forth to take the waters at Chianciano, baths famous in 1300 as they are still. As he came, with many retainers and much baggage, to the vicinity of Radicofani, Ghino and his men descended upon the cavalcade, hemmed it in, and the abbot and his train were ridden into the castle



PART OF THE ACTUAL FORT IN CHIUSI

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DAWN ON A MOUNTAIN ROAD GOING TOWARD MONTE AMIATA

of Radicofani. The abbot was escorted to a pleasant room with a good fire burning on the hearth, and left in solitude, the key turned in the lock. At dinner time two generous slices of toast, freshly made and wrapped in a spotless napkin were brought to him, and with them a cup of *vernaccia*—a local wine considered particularly healthful, but not pleasant to all palates. The abbot had learned that he was a prisoner of the notorious Ghino di Tacco and wondered if Ghino had decided to starve him to death. For supper, toast and *vernaccia*. For dinner—on the morrow, toast and *vernaccia*; and so on day after day. The poor abbot who never had any appetite, and who required delicate viands for his state of health! His doctors were continually ordering cures.

OVER AND OVER again, the unhappy prisoner begged to be permitted to speak with Messer Ghino and he was always put off with amiable excuses. For the rest he received nothing but courtesy and deferent treatment from his guards. But why was he kept there and when would his captivity end? There had been no talk of ransom or of conditions of any kind. Ghino did not appear, but nothing passed in the abbot's room that he did not know. At the end of two or three weeks, he ordered the attendant to let fall, inadvertently, some raw beans on the floor of the prisoner's apartment. The abbot, when he thought himself alone, devoured them. Then

Ghino knew it was time to act. A most courteous and pleasant gentleman asked permission to call upon His Lordship, saying that his master, Messer Ghino, had sent him to enquire after his lordship's health. He entertained him delightfully with his conversation so that the abbot was quite charmed, and in taking leave, asked if there were anything he could do for him.

THE PRISONER implored him only that he might speak with Messer Ghino; he was well in health, he had never been better in his life, but his captivity was intolerable. He begged that Messer Ghino would deign to come to him. On the morrow the courteous gentleman returned, and after a little conversation, invited His Lordship to approach the window. There in the court, the abbot saw his entire retinue assembled; not one was wanting. And all his baggage was there, with never a strap, or cord, or buckle touched. The abbot wondered exceedingly. Then the man beside him said: "My Lord Abbot, I am Ghino. I have not harmed a hair of your followers' heads, nor have I touched a tittle of your baggage. Your horses and mules are all there, even to the last donkey, though Heaven knows my men and I are sorely in need of mounts. I have cured Your Lordship of the gout, for which you owe me a real debt, but I want you to know that Ghino is a gentleman and can act like one if he will."

The abbot could only break out into profuse



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thanks, and offers of any compensation his liberal host might desire. "I do not wish any reward, My Lord, nor any gift from you; only if you have occasion to speak with our Lord the Pope, tell him that Ghino is not so black as he is painted. Tell him that a tangle of circumstances more than ill-will have made him what he is. And if you could obtain for me a pardon from His Holiness, there is nothing I desire so much." The abbot promised this and went his way, a well man and rejoicing. He did obtain the pardon and the Pope was pleased and touched at Ghino's submission. He employed him in his own service, and often took pleasure in the late bandit's wit, and in his genuinely noble heart.

**T**HUS ENDS the story. We were thinking of it beneath the towering of the great rock. The stage came to a stop. The sick girl and her brother alighted, amid a group of waiting friends, and the sad little procession moved away. Was it their home, or had the sharp pure air attracted them to the solitary spot? As for us, we were as hungry as the Abbot of Cluny, and cold to boot. We asked the driver if there were any place where we could get coffee, and he looked at us with something of disdain for our weakness. "Coffee! You could get it on the town square but it would take you half an hour to walk up there, and we only stop five minutes."

**W**HEN, SOME days later, we were confiding our troubles to the professor, he answered that he had managed to get breakfast at Radicofani. The fact demonstrated so vast a superiority over our own methods that we begged him to tell us how he had done it.

"You must remember," he said, "that I took the night stage instead of the morning stage as you did, and that I arrived at Radicofani at 4 A. M., or earlier. It was quite dark and I was absolutely frozen. Like you, I asked for coffee but there was none to be had. I told the driver I was starving and asked him what he was going to do about it. 'I tell you what I'll do, I'll give you ten minutes, and you go and see what you can do. But you must try the peasants' houses for there are no inns near enough. And not more than ten minutes, mind.'" The professor started at a run. There was the beginning of a street, rising steeply toward the town far above. It was bordered with little dark houses, almost black with age, but he could see no lights. The people were still sleeping in their poor homes, and he did not dare to knock. He kept on running. Then at length, he saw a light. He knocked, the door was guardedly opened, and a woman's figure showed dark against the light of the interior.

Do you remember that exquisite line in Virgil

*(Continued on page 338)*



IN THE VILLAGE KITCHEN WHERE THE PROFESSOR GOT HIS BREAKFAST

# Categorica: *As Set Forth in News and Opinions*

Edited by N. M. LAW

## PORTRAIT OF A LADY

From *G. K.'s Weekly* we take this portrait of a lady, out on the first cold day:

Her pastel face was white and red,  
With eyelids blue, and scarlet lips.  
Her hat adorned a henna'd head;  
Her waist-line showed below the hips.

Her one-piece almost reached her knees;  
She wore silk hose of rosy hue.  
No doubt the lady meant to please—  
But whom? Better than I, she knew.

Of beasts she wore the borrowed skins,  
And half her odor was of them.  
They hung from shoulders down to shins—  
Down to her scanty garment's hem.

With half unwilling interest  
This show of skins I gazed upon.  
It failed completely to suggest  
The simple garb of Baptist John.

This lady wore enough to gird  
At least three desert-saints with fur.  
And yet this thought to me occurred—  
Their decency was not in her.

A. O'C.

## A SPECTACLE

The horrid President of Mexico, our own Ambassador and the erstwhile comedian of past Follies, travel the country of Mexico together. Enough to show the caliber of the man who saw to his election as chief executive of that unhappy country. The President's jester, Will Rogers, pleases his master on every occasion, and broadcasts exactly as commanded. Any wonder that the *Tablet* of Brooklyn announces his demise in the heart of every true lover of liberty and freedom of conscience. Cardinal O'Connell did not mince words when speaking of the atrocities perpetrated by "el turco" and the propaganda broadcast by such as Will Rogers, when, recently, he said:

How can any American be composed in the greatest happiness, welfare and fortune of his own country—which we have, of course, in all abundance—while at our doors is a condition of things which reminds one of the most barbarous times in history? . . .

We read with horror of the atrocities that the pagan emperors inflicted on the early Christians, and we seem to be unmoved in reading of the horrors which are being perpetrated by an unspeakable demagogue who seems, whether it be true or not, to vaunt himself of the friendship of this country and support of its Government.

I am not a politician. I am not interfering in that respect. I am now speaking as an American citizen, proud of his own country and who must deplore this riotous, blasphemous communism at the very doors of our country without, it would seem, a single protest from anyone in high position whose voice would carry across the Rio Grande and influence someone to cease this wolfish hunting down of perfectly innocent Mexicans whose only crime is their determination to serve God.

What is the real reason of all this silence? Of course, we have our reasons for thinking there are influences not entirely imbued with the highest motives.

## MOTORING TERMS

The following glossary of motoring terms by Asia Kagowan may be of some use to the compilers of a new dictionary:

*Purr*: Word used to describe the wheeze made by your motor when it is not missing on more than six cylinders, with only an occasional

*Knock*: Remark from the back seat or some other

*Boob*: Any other driver, especially the one that cuts in ahead at a

*Traffic Light*: The little green light that always turns red just before you get to it, forcing you to apply the

*Emergency Brake*: What your wife always has on when she drives, to keep from running into a

*Fire Plug*: Ornamental red post put up at the curb for the sole purpose of ruining a perfectly good

*Parking Place*: The vacant spot you never see till the other fellow slips into it, and for which you are still searching when an officer speaks to you about your

*Tail Light*: What you've forgotten to turn on, and gives you a

*Ticket*: Invitation to a formal reception at which you generally win a prize called

*Fine*: Not so good but what the thoughts of it cause you to drive bitterly homeward until halted by a

*Speed Cop*: The fellow that says you were going fifty-one when you know darn well you were not exceeding the

*Speed Limit*: All you can get out of the old can when you press down hard on the

*Accelerator*: The little jigger your wife always steps on when she wants to stop the car.

## A JOB OR A JOY

"Once I accused my Victorian mother of not wanting me to have a 'good time,' and her answer comes back to me with force: 'What about my good times? Don't you think I'd have a much happier life if I let you do just as you pleased? But you're not wholly responsible for yourself, my dear. All of the responsibility is mine. Some

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day you'll find out that being a mother is a whole lot harder than being a daughter. It's work.' And after fifteen years of it I know that my mother was right," writes Blanche Bates Creel in *The Century*. She continues:

The modern girl is in no sense a new creation, a purely 20th century product. The baby born today does not differ in any vital essential from the infant of 100 or 1,000 years ago. It is not the *child* that has changed. The young ones of today are as much the products of parental training, or the lack of it, as any born in Queen Victoria's smug reign, and if the modern girl is different in any way from the millions that have gone before, she herself has nothing to do with it. The responsibility for her development rests, as it has always rested, squarely on the shoulders of her parents.

Children have always rebelled against parental authority, bucking their intensities against discipline, ceaselessly trying to "put something over." The only difference between today and dead yesterday is, that *our* mothers were on the job and did not let us get away with it. In proof, let any mother recall her own childhood.

### MARY REMEMBERS

From the December number of *The Bookman*  
we cull these verses by Eleanor Baldwin:

Mary can hear them echoing still—  
Two cries, a man's whole life apart,  
The birth cry that had pierced her heart,  
The death cry on Jerusalem's hill.

Mary has seen His face again—  
The rose face sleeping at her side,  
The white face of the Crucified,  
Beyond the darkness and the rain.

Mary remembers these things yet—  
With God's two hands dividing them!  
The long high road to Bethlehem,  
The moonlight over Olivet.

### MOTHER OF GOD

It is delightful to find in a secular or non-Catholic paper a worthy tribute to God's Mother. Thus, *Liberty* editorially marks the great influence of the Madonna on mankind and styles her "the great Mother"; *The Bookman* prints three Marian poems; *Good Housekeeping* has her likeness on the cover of its Christmas number and Coningsby Dawson contributes a beautiful legend, entitled, "Mother of God" with the sub-title: "A story of a woman who gave Christmas to the world." He narrates how three Christians, not too strong in the faith, seek confirmation of the divinity of Christ from His Mother. They start from Rome

to seek her after having heard from one Gaius that she still lived.

Here was proof that Jesus' Mother had not ascended into Heaven with Him. Somewhere in the East She might still be living. It was incredible that Her Son's followers should have been content to lose sight of Her. There was so much She could have told them. Who, after Her Son, could have been holier? She at least must have shared the secret of His loveliness.

### A WAYSIDE SHRINE

Who would imagine this touch of poetry and religion as seen in the slums of prosaic New York by a reporter of *The Sun*:

From such an unexpected point of vantage as the Grand Street Station of the Sixth Avenue "L" may be seen what appears at first glance to be a wayside shrine. Along a ledge is a row of brightly colored figures of saints, and for a moment the watcher is transported to France or Italy.

The figures are from the stock of an ecclesiastical store. Most of them are under glass covers, protecting them from the weather and smoke, a lesson learned from Europe, where figures and paintings of real artistic merit in shrines were destroyed by exposure to the elements.

### OPEN WINDOWS OF THE MIND

Illustrating the hatred men have of being disturbed in their beliefs and prejudices that have been handed down with the family furniture, the editor of *The American Magazine*, relates this story told him by Carl Lomen:

A certain Greenland Eskimo was taken on one of the American North Polar expeditions a number of years ago. Later, as a reward for faithful service, he was brought to New York City for a short visit. At all the miracles of sight and sound he was filled with a most amazed wonder. When he returned to his native village he told stories of buildings that rose into the very face of the sky; of street cars, which he described as houses that moved along the trail, with people living in them as they moved; of mammoth bridges, artificial lights, and all the other dazzling concomitants of the metropolis.

His people looked at him coldly and walked away. And forthwith throughout the whole village he was dubbed "Sagdluk," meaning "The Liar," and this name he carried in shame to his grave. Long before his death his original name was entirely forgotten.

When Knud Rasmussen made his trip from Greenland to Alaska he was accompanied by a Greenland Eskimo named Mitek (Eider Duck). Mitek visited Copenhagen and New York, where he saw many things for the first time and was greatly impressed. Later, upon his return to Greenland, he recalled the tragedy of Sagdluk, and decided that it would not be wise to tell the truth. Instead, he would narrate stories that his people could grasp, and thus save his reputation.

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So he told them how he and Dr. Rasmussen maintained a kyak on the banks of a great river, the Hudson, and how, each morning, they paddled out for their hunting. Ducks, geese and seals were to be had a-plenty, and they enjoyed the visit immensely. . . . Mitek, in the eyes of his countrymen, is a very honest man. His neighbors treat him with rare respect.

### A SIGN OF THE TIMES

There is no reason in the world why THE SIGN shouldn't say a word for the new Ford—Model A. Better journals than this have praised it. Candidly we are glad that, at last, it is out. Now we can subside into our old methods of life. But of all the acres of advertisement, free and otherwise, that we have read, and of all the press notices that we have scanned, none approach this new view of Model A in the *New York Evening Post*:

The old Ford dript oil into our upturned faces as we lay under it on country roads at midnight. The new Ford is shown off like a modiste's mannikin to a generation which has lost the joy of getting its hands dirty. The old Ford ruined ten million pairs of overalls. The new Ford is unveiled in hotel ball-rooms by salesmen in dinner jackets.

The new Ford is new; but it isn't a Ford. It has theft-proof coincidental locks, pressure grease-gun lubrication, and five steel-spoke wheels; it is as silky as a debutante and as neat as a watch; it will go sixty-five miles an hour and thirty miles on a gallon; it has a gas-tank behind the engine and a switch for all lights on the steering post; it was made with Johannsen precision gages, accurate to the incalculable fraction of an inch, and it wipes its own windshield.

It is a remarkable piece of machinery, but it isn't a Ford, because the Ford was an educational institution as well as a machine. The old Ford, the old, black, rusty, cantankerous, obstinate, sputtering Ford, brought wisdom to many fools and made many wise men go raving, tearing mad. This new lily-of-the-valley isn't going to teach us anything. It looks as if it would run indefinitely without complaint, which is all wrong. It is made for serenity and comfort, which is also all wrong. Where is the gas-tank? Out in front where it can be reached. Where is the timer? Up on top where it can no longer bark your knuckles. Where are the brake-bands? In a ridiculously exposed position where their value as trainers of character and refined language is completely lost.

We are degenerating. We are entering a period of Roman luxury. The new Ford is a garage car. Back to the pioneer days when we threw sand under the fan belt and tightened the horn with a dime!

### A PUBLISHER'S SUCCESS

A Texas newspaper publisher, who recently retired with \$50,000 in the bank, was asked how he did it, and replied as follows:

I attribute my ability to retire with a \$50,000 bank account, after thirty years in the country newspaper field, to close application to duty, always hewing to the mark and letting the chips fall where they may; the most rigorous rules of economy, never spending a cent foolishly, everlastingly keeping at my job with a whole heart—and the death of an uncle who left me \$49,999.50.

### CONCERNING A WEDDING RING

There is no doubt that the theft was wrong, but the thief turned moralist points a good moral. However, the other moralist who writes in *The New York Times* may be right:

It might be supposed that whether a married woman wishes to wear her wedding ring or not is a question for her to decide for herself. But the custom of wearing one has a deep significance for public morals, according to a young man of Geneva, for a hidden wedding ring led him to take the first step in a life of crime.

Having stolen a handbag, he was overcome by remorse and was on the point of returning it by post. Then he searched through its contents and found 120 francs, a car ticket and a wedding ring. This changed his decision, for he felt that a woman who carried her wedding ring in her bag instead of wearing it could not be a self-respecting, honest woman. So he sent her a scolding note, ending, "Therefore, to punish you, I decided to keep the stolen goods. Go and sin no more. Signed, Moralist."

If the youth had only let his imagination play a little, he might have seen his victim, not as an adventuress, but an honest bourgeoisie, grown too plump with prosperity to wear her ring longer, but loyally keeping it by her in her bag. He might have fancied her a needy soul with fingers swollen with rheumatism, or a creature so wasted that the ring would no longer stay in place on her bony fingers. But apparently his fancy followed the line of his desires.

In any case, it is unfortunate that the lady did not have a chance to make reply. She might at least have quoted him the old adage about the pot calling the kettle black.

### TWO FIDDLERS

There is more than one human touch in this Yuletide news item from Camden, N. J.:

A young, well-dressed girl filled the tin cup of a blind violinist on Broadway near Carman Street with coins today when she took his violin from his hand and began to play it.

A crowd collected and, moved by the girl's playing, filled the blind man's cup with money. Up to that time the man had been fiddling away industriously, singing in a monotonous voice and rattling two pennies in his cup while people hurried by without stopping.

The girl, whose identity is unknown, emptied the full cup into the man's pockets, put the violin back in his hands and hurried off.



# From the City Streets

## Four Intimate Sketches of a Chicago Settlement House

By CONSTANCE EDGERTON

### I. Rocky O'Toole

MISS JOYCE, the Resident of the Paulist Settlement House, looked up from her writing and nodded a welcome to the young man who came through the swinging doors.

"It's this way, Miss Joyce," he explained his visit, "Tony Capone and I want to give a dance here. We—especially Tony—are supposed to be tough, unmannerly, dishonest. If you knew us—"

"I do know you," answered the Resident. In her forty years she had met many Roccas, Tonys and Salvatores.

"We wanted it two weeks from to night," said Rocky O'Toole.

"You may have the hall that night," she said—and afterwards she thought she was unwise, for had not Father Mallon told her of Tony Capone—Tony Capone who, despite Rocco O'Toole's restraining guidance, was rough, tough and lacking in manners?

She sat staring into space. Generally she improved each shining moment. Rocky was such a lovable young man, so handsome, well-spoken and mannerly. She had a warm spot in her heart for him. And if this Settlement House was for the Italian youth of Chicago's First Ward, why exclude Rocky and his followers, regardless of what they might be? Father Mallon had pointed out that a name like O'Toole could not possibly have come from Genoa. Still, he was Italian; spoke it fluently, looked it, and acted it.

And Tony Capone! Younger than Rocky, filled with wisdom, and holding a clerkship in Farewells. "Yes ma'am," Tony was fond of repeating, "I got my education in the Binn School." Which was his way of referring to the Parental School, where Rocky—who had been a teacher there—developed him.

Miss Joyce made out the program for the bulletin board, filling in for Thursday night, the twenty-fourth: DANCE BY THE LIFE SAVERS, CHAPERON, ROBERTA JOYCE.

They had not asked her to chaperon their party. She felt her presence would keep peace and

order. There might be less broken chairs and windows were she to mingle amongst them and dance—if they asked her.

Down from Johnstown, Wis., the day of the dance came Alice Regan, Miss Joyce's niece, to spend a week with her Aunt Roberta.

Of course, Miss Joyce brought her down to the dance hall and introduced her to Rocco O'Toole.

"Call me Rocky," he told her as they danced together the fifth time. "I like you."

Now even though Johnstown is but a village and well off the beaten track, it knows its duty in upbringing its youngsters, and Miss Regan continued to address him as Mr. O'Toole. She did more. She treated him impersonally. This made him furiously anxious to make her take more than passing notice.

He danced with her aunt, kept the *Life Savers* within the bounds of law and order to such an extent that there was no wreckage on the furniture or on the guests.

Next day he drove up to the Settlement House at noon. Miss Joyce was dismissing her kindergarten. He asked her to lunch with him; he wanted to get her ideas on his organizing a Scout Troop. Bring her niece along.

They went. From now on it was easy to get the niece without the aunt. She prolonged her visit to a month, and spent most of her time with Rocky.

"I must send the child home," mused Miss Joyce. "She is only twenty and if she should fall in love with Rocky!"

Which is exactly what Alice Regan did.

"Aunt Bobby," she said that evening as she came in from a ball game with Rocky and stopped to change her clothes before going to the Trainon with him, "I am engaged to Rocky."

Aunt Roberta took the girl in her arms and kissed her warmly and said: "My dear, my dear, how wonderful."

WHEN ALICE left her Miss Joyce sat long at her desk marveling on this happiness that had come to the girl. It was wonderful. Rocco O'Toole had been fifteen when Miss Joyce came to the

## THE † SIGN

Paulist Settlement House almost eleven years back. A big lad for his age, handsome, somewhat lawless. Twice she had sponsored him from the South Clark Street Police Station when he had been taken with a crowd for disturbing the peace—at an Italian wedding where noise is as essential as wine.

In these years she had seen the boy go far—to France when he was but eighteen. Returning he taught in the Parental School.

"I want to teach there," he told Miss Joyce after he had been home a year and had attended both day and night classes, "to help the kids. They are not bad. They just got caught with the long arm of the law when they were having fun. If you had not taken me from Court when I was a kid, where would I be now?"

For two years he taught there and then came to live with his parents at Fourteenth and Wabash. He entered a broker's office, made good, drove a high powered car, wore dinner suits, top hat and a raccoon coat.

Miss Joyce who knew the boy through his struggling years knew he was deserving of all he had; even deserving of the wife he was getting. The little girl who was taking him for better or worse. No! No! It could not be for worse. They would live in Chicago in the winter and probably at Fox Lake in the summer. Rockycrest would be their summer home. Rockycrest and—

"Miss Joyce, it's our night for the gym," spoke up Salvatore Madia, head of the *Torpedoes*. "Coming down to see us practise?"

"Yes, Salvatore," said Miss Joyce. "I will be down directly."

### 2. Marshall Field Yourell

THE YOURELLS lived on South Clark Street, near the Franciscan Church, sent their children to school until they finished High; went to Mass on Sundays and holy days; cooked their spaghetti with milk on St. Mary's Day, and were in many ways vastly superior to their neighbors—the very neighbors who, by stinting their children, accumulated many American dollars, and moved away from Polk and Clark Streets into Our Lady of Pompeii Parish. Some ventured into the parish of Our Lady of the Lake, and the Castros had made so much money on their fruit stand that they moved into Holy Name Parish.

All these were from the same village from whence came the Yourells who stayed poor edu-

cating their children. There were twelve Yourells.

"You cannot teach us 'We are Seven,' ma, because we are twelve," Marshall would say to her.

HIS MOTHER did not understand this. She told them of Italian skies and Italian saints—mostly St. Francis of Assisi—and she named her baby Rita. Tony, who had poor health, went to Colorado as soon as he finished High. He was a reporter. Marie and Angeline followed him and worked with him—in fact for him. He owned the paper in six years.

But they were old, these children of Mrs. Yourell's. Was not Marie twenty-nine and Angeline a year younger? Of marriage they did not think. Tony was the handsomest boy in his class and single yet! They were good children, she could not deny. They kept the three youngest, Tom, Josephine and Rita in boarding schools. "They cannot grow up on the streets as we did, Ma," said Angeline when she came home for a brief vacation. "It was the grace of God kept us good. We will take no risks with these three."

Tom in St. Viator's, Josephine and Rita in St. Xavier's, three in Colorado. That was half her trouble. There were six at home: Florence, Magdalene, Jim, Marshall, Stella and Julia. Of these Marshall was the most trouble. He had gone through high school and two years at De Paul. All his school years he had worked as page at the Paulist House for \$30 a month and found. Each month he gave Ma \$15 and she saved it. But what was \$15 a month? She must have him home. He could work in an office, earn \$200 and give it to her!

So he abandoned his learning—for the while—drew a salary that satisfied Ma, and spent his evenings at the Settlement House.

"Marshall," said Miss Joyce one Sunday morning as he helped her prepare breakfast for the communicants, "why do you treat Josia Arvia as though she were a worm?"

"I hadn't noticed," he said easily.

"Treat her as you treat me," she said, never thinking she was the best matchmaker in Chicago.

"You are different," he answered in his musical voice—a voice Miss Joyce invariably associated with the singing of the Mass. "You are like—well—you are like you were settled."

She knew the boy well. He was fourteen when she first came to live at the Settlement House. He had told her his sorrows, joys, successes, failures; told her of his home. She recalled when they had moved from Halstead Street to

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Tenth and Wabash and found a bathtub. "Here is a nice, large white basin for me to keep my vegetables in," his mother said proudly.

"I want to go to the seminary, but Ma says I have to help at home," he said.

Next morning Miss Joyce called at Yourells. Mrs. Yourell liked this American woman who did such good at the Settlement House and told the girls to help at home.

"Come in," she urged warmly, "and see what fine new linen I have."

It was a beautiful table cover, folded in a chest and as she shook it out two bank books fell from its folds. "I got \$10,000 in the Hibernian Bank and \$6,000 in the Drivers," she said picking up the books. Some day we buy a grand house on Lake Shore Drive—they call it the Gold Coast—and stick our tongues out at those pigs, the Gintas."

They sat and talked, these two women. In the years Miss Joyce had been parish visitor she learned how and where to tread.

"You tell me it is better to have something in Heaven than a house on Gold Coast?" she asked for the tenth time, and Miss Joyce assured her it was.

Shortly Marshall Field Yourell—who had been baptized Francis Xavier—entered the seminary, and Miss Joyce cast about for some one to take his place. "Dear Lord, please send me a boy of winning personality and easy manner," she prayed.

Strange prayers for a middle-aged woman, who in her everyday visits to the tenements of Wabash Avenue, Polk and Clark Streets saw not the crowded tenements but the far green fields of her home, which was Johnstown Center, Wis., a hamlet of one hundred souls, set in a green fertile valley, where there was no vice, no poverty, no sordidness; where doors were never locked; where the sturdy pioneer stock had four consuming loves: God, their children, their farms and education.

### 3. Clara Madia

MISS JOYCE had been called to the South Clark Street Police Station by Desk Sergeant Graham. Clara Madia, who lived opposite the Settlement House until recently, was needing a friend.

"Good morning, Clara," said Miss Joyce to the pretty, frightened child, who was trying to radiate nonchalance.

"Good morning, Miss Joyce. What does my

mama say? And will Joe beat me?" The words tumbled from her.

The girl was sixteen and had run away from school—away from home. She had been taken from a friend's house on the West Side and was charged with incorrigibility.

POOR LITTLE girl! So young and eager! So pretty! Not waiting for adventure to come to her, but out seeking it!

And what a home life! A drunken father, a big brother who decided she must be watched, kept in the home—which was four rooms of an old tenement—and all the little Madias.

When the Settlement had their annual Sunday School picnics Clara was kept home; when there was a hike she did not join in it; nor was she enrolled in sewing class. "You are going to the bad, you are," Joe would say to her. "What do you want over to the Settlement House?"

And yet he was there many evenings of the week. He came in from work to take a shower bath. Joe was a barber in a downtown department store. He came in to look the girls over, to dance, to sing, to talk with Miss Joyce. But his sister was his sister, and women should stay home.

To send the girl back home to an angry family who would scold, nag and irritate, would but add fuel to the fire. Mrs. Madia knew Miss Joyce well and came to her when trouble oppressed her. The matron and the sergeant were willing to turn the girl over to Miss Joyce. Had they not wished many Italian boys and girls on her and thus spared the city the expense of boarding them?

Clara and Miss Joyce walked away together chatting about the weather, the style of hats, and the annual picnic which was the next Sunday.

When they reached the Settlement Miss Joyce gave Clara the keys and bade her stay in the office. "I am going over and tell your mama you are my helper," she said.

Mrs. Madia could scarce believe her Clara was chosen to such an exalted position as helping with the kindergarten and answering the telephone. She was delighted with their good fortune.

Now began for Clara a life filled with the wildest adventure: A Board Meeting at four in the afternoon and she tending the office alone! Mornings she attended the shorthand classes in a nearby school. No harm befell her as Joe had prophesied. She went to ball games with Miss Joyce; ate with grand ladies, supervised the playground, and settled disputes.

Her relations with her family were friendly.

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Joe pointed to her with pride. Her parents liked to tell that their daughter was living at the Settlement House, learning stenography, and behaving herself well despite their fears that a little freedom would be her ruin.

When she had been more than a year at the Settlement and was indispensable to Miss Joyce, she said: "I have a position to go to tomorrow. Thirty a week. I will move over home. My family need me. I am so grateful to you, Miss Joyce."

She must have been for she taught a night class in drawing, and gave many a night to the office while the Resident was out looking up the boys who worked days.

### 4. Marie Salario

MARIE OPENED her eyes to earth on November fourth in nineteen hundred. Her mother had come from Umbria with her parents and lived in the First Ward, on Wabash Avenue, two doors south of the Paulist church. She and Salvatore Salario were married in the Paulist church, with six bridesmaids and as many ushers; blinking candles, and many prayers. Following the wedding Mass there was feasting and dancing at Roma Hall.

Salvatore took his bride to live far out on the South Side. As time passed God sent them four children. Marie was the first.

She finished her home high school, St. Scholastica, when she was seventeen and entered Chicago Normal. It was in her second year here that she answered Miss Joyce's call for volunteer workers.

She taught a folk lore dancing class each Thursday at four, and the more she associated herself with the Settlement the more she felt she was being called to do something—but what?

"Mama, you would never think there could be anyone so poor as the children I had today," she would say.

But her mother knew. Had she not spent her girlhood in the very place her daughter now visited once a week? Conditions were different though. There were less people and Angeline's father had been a merchant. But she knew what poverty was and she had no sympathy with it, for was not this the glorious America, where every man could attain riches as did her papa?

Marie was graduated with honors and taught one year in The Haven School. Each Thursday she had her class at the Settlement.

On a day when the soft June breeze played

about them Marie said to Miss Joyce: "I am entering the Dominican convent in August. If we had more Sisters we would have less neglected children."

That night Roberta Joyce prayed: "Dear Lord, today I lost my best worker. You sent and she is going back to You, but it leaves me bereft. This work must go on, mustn't it, dear Lord? Send me some one, as near like Marie Salario as You can find."

### Monte Amiata

(Continued from page 331)

where the house-mother rises before the daylight and 'stirs beneath the ashes the embers which she had covered overnight?' I saw it being done, and then the bright fire leaping. A man and some little children were huddled together before the hearth. I asked for coffee; of course they hadn't any. For milk, nothing. I asked was there anything at all they could give me to eat, and the woman, with a slow smile of welcome said, 'Yes, bread, ham. You must excuse us, we are poor people. Do come in. Sit by the fire, it will warm you.' The professor said the beauty of their hospitality, of their humble kindness was a holy thing. They insisted he must eat his breakfast with them, but, haunted by the dread of missing the stage, he could scarcely even be courteous. Trembling with haste, he tucked the half loaf lined with ham beneath his arm and pulled out a handful of silver. The woman put it aside. "No, please don't; you are so welcome." And the man: "No, no. No indeed. We wish we could do more." He cried good-bye, and they answered him: "God go with you." The professor added that he would never forget it, that this was one of those memories which abide in mind and heart forever, illuminated and warmed by some hearth fire that would never cease to glow. The ham was wonderful: it had a sweet flavor and tasted of nuts. The chauffeur had been human too. Twelve minutes had elapsed, and he was honking furiously, but he waited.

Our own chauffeur gave us the five minutes which the time table allowed for Radicofani, and then, with a lunge, the auto got under way again, picking up the broad, smooth road beneath the castle, and we went down the steep descent, the stage rolling strongly, if not merrily, past the forking of the road which leads to Siena, and on, in the opposite direction, toward Monte Amiata and the towns that lie at its western foot.

(To be continued.)



# The Mexican Gang

*Under the Becoming Leadership of Calles the Turk*

IN ONE of his great oratorical outbursts, President Wilson said: "There is one thing I have got a great enthusiasm about, I might almost say a reckless enthusiasm, and that is human liberty. . . . I want to say a word about Mexico. . . . I hold it as a fundamental principle, and so do you, that every people has the right to determine its own form of government; and until this recent revolution in Mexico, until the end of the Diaz reign, 80 per cent of the people of Mexico never had a 'look in' in determining who should be their governors or what their government should be. Now, I am for the 80 per cent!"

Events have proved President Wilson to have been all wrong in his diagnosis of Mexico's illness, for as a result of his spirited attempts to give every peon a vote, nobody in Mexico has a vote, or, if he has, it is not counted. But there can be no denying President Wilson's honesty or his enthusiasm in what he considered to be the cause of human liberty or the vigor with which he acted. Let us consider for a moment how he did act. First of all, he absolutely refused to recognize Victoriano Huerta as President of Mexico. Next, he allowed Carranza and Villa and all the other *insurrectos* and *bandidos* who were hanging around the American frontier to import arms from Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, and any part of the United States they liked. Thirdly, he prevented Huerta from importing arms from the United States, and when the poor man tried to import them from Germany in order to defend himself and his people against the brigands who were sacking churches and violating nuns all over the north of the country, he sent the American Fleet to seize

By FRANCIS McCULLAGH

those arms in the harbor of Vera Cruz.

The result was that President Huerta had to flee the country, leaving it to the edifying gang which is now in power. Now, Huerta was not a bad man. I shall quote what was said of him by the Ambassador who represented the United States in Mexico at the time of his accession to power — Mr. Henry Lane Wilson: "He was a devout Roman Catholic, a believer in the Diaz

régime and policies, and with all his faults I am convinced that he was a sincere patriot, and, in happier times, might have had a career honorable to himself and useful to his country. He fell from power, the victim of narrow-visioned American diplomacy, and died a sacrifice to the same overweening jealousy and egoism which, with the power of a great people behind it, had brought about his downfall."

THE AMBASSADOR adds that "perhaps no other Mexican Cabinet has contained men of such exceptional ability and high character as did the Cabinet of General Huerta."

These men, I may add, were Catholics, highly educated, capable administra-

tors, infinitely superior in every way to the *canaille* which afterwards came into power as a result of President Wilson's interference. Calles himself is of half Asiatic, half Indian descent. I visited his native town of Guaymas lately and found that he was known there as *el Turco* (the Turk), so that possibly he is sprung from that very race which massacred the Armenians and hated the Pope as the Devil hates holy water. He was a bartender in Guaymas; and his half-brother, Arturo Malvido Elias, now Mexican Consul General in New York City, was owner of

## EDITOR'S NOTE

IN THE INTERESTS OF TRUTH CONCERNING THE REAL SITUATION IN MEXICO, WE ARE PUBLISHING THIS ARTICLE.

PLEASE READ IT YOURSELF AND PASS IT ON TO OTHERS. THE AMERICAN CONSCIENCE NEEDS TO BE STIRRED UP ABOUT THE MEXICAN SITUATION.

HOW COMPETENT AND SINCERE THE WRITER IS MAY BE SEEN FROM THE EDITORIAL "FRANCIS McCULLAGH" ON PAGE 323. READ IT!

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the bar. The place was heavily insured, and, immediately afterwards, burned down.

This is the head of the present gang; and his satellites are worthy of him. One of them, Luis de Leon, whom he made his Secretary for Agriculture, had no knowledge of agriculture or of any animal employed in agriculture save the bull, for he had been a professional bullfighter. The Rev. Moses Saenz, sub-secretary of the Department of Education, is a Methodist minister, despite the article in the Constitution which declares that a clergyman is not competent to hold any post under government.

IT WAS this gentleman who had recently the bad taste to hint, at the Williamstown Round Table Conference, that Mexico might become Protestant. This was a sop thrown to the American people in order that they might continue their support of Calles; but, as a matter of fact, Protestantism has no chance of succeeding in Mexico, even if Catholicism is uprooted, for *el Turco* and his friends fear it much more than they fear Catholicism, because of the inevitable "Americanization" which it brings with it. Señor Moses Saenz they do not fear, because he is of Jewish origin, and really, has no religion at all. His brother Aaron, also a Methodist, was for a long time head of the Foreign Office; and in that capacity he had to deal with the British protests in connection with the attacks on Rosalie Evans — attacks which culminated in her assassination. Those protests he returned to the British authorities "because their tone is not polite"; and, in the letter which contained this phrase, he announced that "the Mexican Government does not recognize the diplomatic character of Mr. Cummins and does not desire to hold any sort of intercourse with him" — Mr. Cummins being the British *Chargé d'Affaires* who on the very eve of this American lady's brutal murder had protested in firm but gentlemanly language against the criminal negligence of the Mexican authorities in her regard. I need not remind the reader that England's answer to Aaron's letter was a complete severance of all diplomatic relations between the two countries.

Aaron Saenz's name, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, also appears at the foot of the disgraceful secret telegram published by the *New York American* on December 2, 1927, authorizing Arturo M. Elías, the Mexican President's half-brother and Mexican Consul-General in New York City, to give a bribe of \$50,000 to an American newspaper syndicate to counteract

newspaper criticism of Calles in the United States, in other words to deny, among other things, that there was any religious persecution.

"I have been able," writes Aaron to Arturo, "to convince the Citizen President of the necessity which exists of controlling the Press in an effective manner."

The Press he alludes to is the greatest Press in the world, the Press of the United States; and apparently there are on that Press, Judases who took the thirty pieces of silver, and then denied vociferously the truthful accounts which were sent out of Mexico about the tortures and death inflicted on martyrs. Could baseness go further than this?

Aaron Saenz, I might add, resigned from the Foreign Office some time ago in order to become manager of Obregón's election campaign, but, as the two rival candidates have been eliminated, it is to be presumed that Aaron will return to the Foreign Office and, when Obregón takes office, next July, Aaron will be his Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Serrano, who till recently belonged to the gang though he afterwards plotted against it and was consequently assassinated, had started his life as a fiddler in a house of ill-fame, but afterwards joined a circus in a humble capacity, and by sheer force of genius raised himself to the position of chief clown. General Arnulfo Gomez began life as a peddler.

This is the sort of gang that President Wilson's "reckless enthusiasm" for "human liberty" placed in power. And very little gratitude have they shown to him or to President Coolidge, or to the American people. Let us see the shape this gratitude has taken.

From sources whose reliability is incontestable, I have received the following table of crimes committed against Americans alone:

546 murders	508 expropriations
855 robberies	550 trespasses
668 assaults	109 deportations
106 kidnappings	55 expulsions
847 property seizures	6,487 arrests

THIS TABLE is not complete. It is the best I have been able to gather from authentic sources. But I do not doubt that the American State Department has all the data I have and 10 per cent more.

Of the 1,355 seizures of property and expropriations listed above the State Department has a partial record. Commercial Counsellor Wythe at Mexico City recently reported to Washington that

104 of these Americans had been divested of approximately 470,000 acres without compensation.

**M**R. WYTHE'S investigation covers about 7 per cent of land seizures. If his figures are correct—and doubtless they are as far as they go—American citizens have been robbed of more than two million acres of land which they bought and paid for, and for which the Mexican Government has not recompensed them to the extent of one cent.

The American public has been led to believe that the Mexican Government has been cutting up vast foreign land holdings. That is not true. The victim is the small American farmer, not the great landowner.

This is bad enough, but worse is to follow. Mexico owes the United States many millions of dollars for re-payment of loans and for payment of compensation. Some dribblets are, it is true, being squeezed out of her with infinite difficulty once a year by Messrs. J. P. Morgan and the International Committee of Bankers, but she—or, to be more accurate, President Calles—has spent millions on teaching Communism to the Indians, on gifts to the Bolsheviks of Russia, England, and China; and on gratuities to corrupt American journalists, publicists, propagandists, preachers, and politicians. Only a year ago Calles squandered over a million dollars in an attempt to start a revolution in Nicaragua, so as to establish an anti-American Government there. When things were absolutely quiet in Nicaragua, Calles stirred up trouble by means of money, arms and bandits. He succeeded in forming a rebel force which he called the "Liberals" and the "Constitutionalists," exactly as the Carranzaists called themselves "Liberals" and "Constitutionalists." In the latter case, President Wilson was carried off his feet by the very name. He thought it represented 80 per cent of the people, whereas it did not represent 8 per cent; and dearly has Mexico paid for his mistake. I now notice with satisfaction that the American newspapers, when speaking of the "Liberals" and the "Constitutionalists" of Nicaragua, use inverted commas; but I do not understand why they do not also use inverted commas when speaking of the "Liberals" and the "Constitutionalists" of Mexico, who are even greater fakes than their namesakes in Nicaragua.

Let us continue, however, our investigations into the gratitude of Calles towards the United States. Exactly four years ago, his colleague,

Obregón, was placed in a hopeless position by the rebellion of Adolfo de la Huerta, but President Calles saved him by selling to him a large supply of arms and ammunition—15,000 Enfield rifles, five million rounds of ammunition, eleven airplanes, and much else besides. A year ago, Calles sent most of these arms and rounds of ammunition to Nicaragua, where they were used in shooting down American marines who were trying to keep order, and Nicaraguan soldiers who were friendly to the United States.

His object was to prevent the American construction of the proposed transcontinental canal, to remove Nicaragua altogether from the American sphere of influence, and to attach it as a tail to the Bolshevik kite being flown by Mexico. To prevent the Americans from ever constructing that canal, he offered to make a treaty with Japan for the wholesale introduction into the district through which the canal would run, of Japanese soldier-settlers.

Even now, Mexicans are pouring out of Mexico into the United States at the rate of five thousand a day, and their places are taken by Japanese and Chinese. Thirty-three Japanese families landed at Manzanillo while I was on the West Coast. They are to colonize the hacienda of Estranzuela in Jalisco and other haciendas in other states. Twenty-seven Japanese families were due to arrive a few days later but I do not know how many have come since.

In some places there are more Orientals than Mexicans. In Mexicali, for example, there are 7,000 Chinese to only 4,000 Mexicans.

**N**OTHING is clearer than the fact that Calles is by far the worst and most dangerous enemy the United States has in all the world at the present moment. He subsidizes Bolshevism because he knows that America hates it. He shows special attention to the Soviet Embassy because Washington refuses to have a Soviet Embassy. He imports Japanese because America excludes them. He backs Nicaraguan "Liberals" because they hate America. He has subsidized and encouraged the most poisonous anti-American agitation throughout all Latin America.

I am afraid that America takes too much interest in Europe and too little interest in Latin America, which is gradually drifting away from her and becoming hostile, yet Europe is, in every sense of the word, on a different hemisphere whereas Latin America is peculiarly close. During a recent tour throughout all Central and South America, I was astonished at the hostility

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manifested to the United States. I was in Buenos Aires a year ago, when the Nicaraguan difficulty was acute; and was astonished at the success which the Calles propaganda obtained there. Not only did the Argentine Communists hold public demonstrations to denounce the United States; but learned societies, universities and Conservative newspapers were all inveigled into anti-American declarations. By able letters to the local newspapers, the Passionist Fathers in Buenos Aires did their best to put the matter in the true light; but what could they do against such a storm of abuse?

**A**ND TO whom does America owe all this? To Calles, the pet of the Ku Klux Klan, the idol of Mr. Frederick J. Libby.

As the Kremlin has become a cesspool for all the evil of the Old World, so has Chapultepec Palace become a cesspool for all the evil of the New World. Calles has gathered round him there a choice collection of American renegades who have left their country for their country's good, and who now spend their time instructing their host in Uncle Sam's weak points so that the old man will get a knockout blow every time there is a diplomatic battle. A typical specimen is Señor Roberto Habermann, a Hungarian Jew who emigrated to this country and took out naturalization papers, but ran into Mexico as soon as he was called to fight in the Great War. Honest men and women have great difficulty, sometimes, in entering this country, but not so Señor Roberto: he was in Washington and New York and all over the United States last summer on a Mexican diplomatic passport, doing all the harm he could; and he is frequently an honored guest of the American Federation of Labor.

And, speaking of the A. F. of L., I must say that I am surprised at its support of Calles, whom it has hailed as "a Labor President," a "lover of liberty and humanity," and a champion of the Proletariat. The A. F. of L., disapproves of Russian Bolshevism; but it has far more reason to disapprove of Mexican Bolshevism and of its High Priest, who is using Labor for his own ends and is certainly no true friend of Labor. As proof of this, I need only point to the fact that Mexican Labor is leaving Mexico at the rate of five thousand a day. Calles has constructed for them what he calls a terrestrial Paradise, but they are escaping out of it like men escaping from a house afire.

As for the Catholics in the A. F. of L., I must put down their support of Calles to pure

ignorance of Mexican conditions; and I would urge them most earnestly to correct that ignorance by due investigation. In fact I think it is their bounden duty to do so, for the influence of their organization at Washington has had a great deal to do with the feebleness of the State Department in dealing with Calles. In making this investigation they should not go to people who are on Calles' payroll; and I am sorry to say that quite a large number of American journalists and authors are in that degrading position. The *New York American* of November 17th promised to publish next day the names of some of them, but apparently Mr. William Randolph Hearst was scared out of his life or else moved to pity by the mob of paid journalists who wired him and visited his office on that occasion, for next day no names appeared.

If they want to find out the truth about Mexico, let them go to the best sources. Let them ask Mexican workmen who have emigrated to this country in millions, so that they can get work, and send their children to a Christian school, where there are no sex lectures as there are in the godless Mexican schools. Let them question, if possible, any American consul or diplomat who has been in Mexico, or any employee of any American Consulate in Mexico or of the American Embassy in Mexico City. I met many of these gentlemen myself, and, though not one of them is a Catholic, they all took the same view of Calles as I take in this article. And it was the same in the time of President Wilson. Mr. Henry Lane Wilson regarded the party now headed by Calles exactly as I regard them; and the same can be said of Mr. Nelson O'Shaughnessy and of all the other American diplomats. But President Wilson refused to be guided by these Spanish-speaking experts, who had a thorough knowledge of Mexico, but preferred to take the advice of men like Governor John Lind who did not know Spanish and had never been in Mexico.

**T**O RETURN to the quotation from President Wilson with which I started this article, today less than 10 per cent of the Mexican people support Calles in his Socialistic and anti-religious policy, yet the great American newspapers and the great party leaders in this country seem to take the matter very quietly. I have just traveled down the Mexican west coast through Sonora and Sinaloa, and across to Guadalajara; then to Mexico City; and afterwards north through Hidalgo, Potosi, and Nuevo Leon to Laredo and



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Texas, but though I mixed with all sorts of people, I never once met a single Mexican who approved of Calles' anti-Catholic policy.

I FOUND Mexico to be, in fact, a thoroughly Catholic country, quite as Catholic as Belgium or Bavaria; more Catholic than Ireland for it contains no Ulster and no Belfast.

If there were any strong anti-Catholic movement in Mexico, one would find it in the great cities, and especially in the Federal Capital; but the Federal Capital is as Catholic as Dublin, and Guadalajara, another great city, is even more Catholic than Dublin. In the churches of Guadalajara, Mass is no longer said owing to the interdict, but the Faithful meet in the churches for prayer no less than five times a day. And on these occasions, it is not merely the intellectuals who make up the congregations: the majority are workmen and their wives and children. I often passed hours in the great cathedral, and the continual procession of worshippers was one of the most edifying sights I have ever seen in my life.

Though the Blessed Sacrament is not there and the lamp of the sanctuary extinct, candles burn on the high altar from five in the morning till seven in the evening; and in front of the altar rails is stationed a guard of little children in the white robes of first communicants.

Now, this would be impossible if Calles were supported by any large section of the population; even if he were supported by 1 per cent of the people of Jalisco, that 1 per cent could be relied upon to make an uproar in some of the churches; but no disturbance has ever taken place.

There are good newspapers in Guadalajara; and they have always been extremely Catholic. At the time of my visit, the censorship weighed heavily on them, and prevented them from publishing any Catholic news. Calles had consequently to import from Europe a Socialist and anti-clerical ruffian called D. A. Siquerios, who had committed a murder in his native city of Barcelona, from which he had consequently to flee. Siquerios now edits a virulently anti-religious rag called "El 130," that being the article in the Queretaro Constitution which has led to the present persecution.

This paper is not only anti-religious; it is also anti-American; and, to crown all, it is indecent. President Calles supports it, otherwise it could not exist, for it has been unable to get a single advertisement from the good business people of Guadalajara, and I doubt very much on its

lists if it has a single genuine subscriber.

I happen to know that copies of that paper have been sent to the State Department at Washington, with all the virulently anti-American onslaughts underlined and that the State Department knows that 90 per cent of the population of Jalisco are opposed to Calles' anti-religious policy. The diplomatic and consular experts whom America keeps on the spot are to a man opposed to this anti-religious policy and in favor of the 90 per cent. I speak not only of Guadalajara but of Sonora, Sinaloa, Hidalgo, the Federal District, and every other part of Mexico which I visited. As I have already pointed out, all the American consuls and diplomatists whom I met in Mexico took the same view as I do and as THE SIGN does of the persecution which Calles has let loose, though not a single one of them is a Catholic.

In Mexico City there is the same edifying attendance at the churches. An additional proof of the Catholicity of the people was afforded on November 24th, when Father Miguel Augustin Projuarez was buried, after having been shot on the charge of being connected with the attempt to assassinate General Alvaro Obregón. On that occasion, according to the wires from Mexico City, over 20,000 people assembled in the cemetery and along the route of the funeral procession in order to pay their last respects to the corpse; and in all that great multitude there was not found even a single man to cheer for Calles.

Where, then, is the 80 per cent which supports Calles? I repeat that not 10 per cent supports him. This would have been made evident at the coming Presidential elections, if those elections had been allowed to take their course; but Calles saw such a drift of public opinion against his colleague Obregón that he had the other two candidates eliminated. Serrano he had assassinated; Gomez he outlawed; and now Gomez, too, is dead. There is at present no candidate for the Presidency save one, General Obregón, whose candidature is unconstitutional, owing to that article in the Queretaro Constitution which prohibits re-election. But Obregón and Calles have concluded a pact whereby they are to succeed one another in the Presidency until one dies or is assassinated, in which case the Bolshevik Morones will take the vacant place.

IN OTHER words, the votes of the peons are not even counted; and there is no constitutional government in Mexico. The present régime in that country resembles very closely the

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régime in Russia. Calles is the Mexican Stalin; Roberto Cruz is the Mexican Dzerzhinsky; the Crom and the Agraristas are the Bolshevik Party which upholds the Government; in both countries the army is the blind instrument of the Dictator; and in both cases there is not a single vestige of constitutional government.

NEVERTHELESS, Mexico is a Catholic country. I realized this keenly as I sat one day several months ago on the shores of the marvelous Bay of Mazatlan in Sinaloa, with the Pacific Ocean in front, and with the shore on either side broken into lofty, sharp-pointed pinnacles of rock. On the inaccessible summit of one of those pinnacles, Mount Talpita it is called, stands a cross planted by Alvarado the Conquistador. Those old warriors sometimes erected crosses on summits so inaccessible, on rocky islets so unapproachable, that the degenerates who rule Mexico today lack the nerve to reach them in order to tear them down: they confine themselves to abusing the cross in the taverns of the Capital.

But meanwhile the cross still stands triumphant on headland and on mountain peak, on pyramid and teocallis and temple of the Sun. In Cholulu, a sacred city of ancient Mexico, the Aztecs erected a great pyramid to the god Quetzalcoatl. The conquistadores allowed that pyramid to stand, but they planted on top of it not only a cross but a whole church, the superb church of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios.

Catholicity has entered the marrow of Mexico's bones. One can see that while traveling through the country, while walking the streets of any Mexican city. The names of the Divinity, of our Lord, of His Blessed Mother, of His Saints and of other great Catholics cover the whole map of the country. I need only mention such names as Nombre de Dios, la Sierra Madre Occidentale, la Sierra Madre Orientale, Los Tres Marias, Santa Maria, San José, San Benito, San Blas,

Vera Cruz, Santiago, San Francisco, Santa Rosalia, Santo Buenaventura, San Bernardo, San Juan de Guadalupe, San Ignacio, Santa Barbara, San Lorenzo, Isabel La Católica, etc.

If one stands at any street corner in Mexico City and reads aloud the names on the trolley cars that pass, he feels as if he were saying the Litany of the Saints. Even in the courtyards of apartment houses and business premises one frequently sees holy statues. On the staircase of the building where the British Consulate General is situated, there is a large and beautiful statue of our Lady, with freshly gathered flowers always in front of it.

Mexico is a thoroughly Catholic country, and it would have a good and honest Catholic Government today were it not for the continual interference of the United States during the last fifty years in support of "Liberals" and anti-clericals like Calles. Freedom would come gradually as it came in England, which was under a re-actionary and oligarchical form of Government throughout the whole eighteenth century; but it was absurd of President Wilson to talk of giving the vote to Mexican peons while making no effort to enforce in the Southern States of his own country the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which lays down the law that "the right of the citizen of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous conditions of servitude."

I SHALL conclude with another quotation, this time from the last message of Theodore Roosevelt. It is as follows:

"Mexico is our Balkan Peninsula, and during the last five years, thanks largely to Mr. Wilson's able assistance, it has been reduced to a condition as hideous as that of the Balkan Peninsula under the Turkish rule. We are in honor bound to remedy this wrong."

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## *In Snow*

By RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

Last night to see the earth snow-kissed, I thrust  
My frozen window fro; and from the Thames  
The sirens sounded; seeing that sparkling dust  
I knew that even God was fond of gems.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communications of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

# THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS  
AND  
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

## PRESERVING ONE'S VIRTUE

(1) *Must a Catholic woman give up her life before her honor. Should she take her own life if necessary? Would that be suicide?* (2) *Must one be a member of the League of the Sacred Heart to secure a Sacred Heart Badge?*—H. R., PITTSBURGH, PA.

(1) That death is to be preferred to sin, and that one should prefer to lose life rather than honor is what Revelation teaches us. Our Lord said: "Fear not them that kill the body and are not able to kill the soul. But fear rather Him that can destroy both soul and body in Hell." "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that shall lose his life for My sake shall find it." (MATT. 10/28, 39.)

Every reasonable being is obliged to adhere to God at no matter what cost. Life is given to us to know, love, and serve God. If we refuse to do that under pressure from our enemies we are traitors to God. Patrick Henry declared: "Give me liberty, or give me death." He wanted to live the life of a free man. None other was worth the living. We honor those whose patriotism was so strong that it inspired them to give all for their country. Nathan Hale when executed said: "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country." What is acknowledged by all as heroism in military matters is the height of virtue in moral affairs. It is immensely more important to be faithful to God. Eleazar preferred death rather than violate God's command by eating swine's flesh; "patiently bearing, he determined not to do unlawful things for the love of life." (2 MACC. 6/17, 31.) One of the many glories of Christianity is the martyrdom of millions who would not purchase life at the price of proving false to Christ.

But though death itself is to be preferred to a wicked life, it is not lawful to kill oneself directly in order to avoid losing one's honor. The end never justifies the means in moral matters. We can never do evil that good may come of it. To kill oneself to avoid sin is suicide. One can never please God by committing one sin in order to avoid another. Self destruction is a violation of God's supreme dominion over one's life.

Sin, after all, lies in the will. The body may be ravished but the will can still cling to God. "He will make with the temptation issue that you may be able to bear it." This doctrine is for all women, and for all men, too.

(2) No.

## CHARACTER OF CHRIST

*I have a friend who seems to be of good will but without any religious training. He has read a lot, principally the French and English philosophers. His*

*difficulty is in getting a correct view of the Person of our Lord. While he admires Him, he thinks that Jesus was deceived about Himself, or even hallucinated. He even suggested that He might have deceived His followers, and that they passed on the deception to others, like using counterfeit money in good faith. Could you give me a line of argument to answer him?*—S. P. E. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Jesus Christ has been regarded by men of all ages as the most perfect of men. He has been adored and imitated for twenty centuries. Is it possible that such devotion could rest in a delusion? If this be so, then Jesus Christ is either a fool or a faker. A fool, if in good faith He was hallucinated by the idea that He was God; a faker, if in bad faith He played the role of divinity.

Now it has never been heard of that a mere man has ever assumed the awful title of the Godhead. The assumption of the role of prophet or messenger of God might be conceived, and actually has happened. But that of God is incredible. No one but a fool can be deceived about his own personality. Jesus Christ was the wisest of men. The doctrine which He taught has transformed the world. And it would make the world safe from wars and wickedness if it were sincerely followed. The religion which He established has endured for two thousand years and is spread over all the earth. The redemption which He wrought effects every member of the human race. Are these sublime results to be attributed to a madman?

He was not a deceiver. He was most sincere. Even His enemies admit that. He was poor, humble, meek. When the people, carried away in admiration of His miracles, sought to make Him their king, He fled. He was sincere with His immediate followers, pointing out their defects and correcting them. He was sincere with His enemies, whose wickedness He openly denounced. He was sincere with His judges, for when commanded by the Supreme Council of the Jews, the Sanhedrim, to say whether He was the Christ, the Son of the Living God, He replied: "Thou hast said it. I am." And for this confession He was condemned to death.

Though He said to His disciples: "Learn of Me for I am meek and humble of heart," He, nevertheless, claimed for Himself divine honor—"that all men may honor the Son as thy honor the Father." When Sts. Paul and Barnabas were acclaimed as gods by the people of Lystra they exclaimed with indignation that they were but mortal men. How did Christ act when He was acknowledged as divine by St. Peter? "Blessed art thou," He said to Peter, "for flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but My Father Who is in Heaven."

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If He were a deceiver He would surely have revealed His deception in the awful presence of death. But no! Absolute confidence in His claim was His even to the last hour. No complaint issued from His mouth, no curses were invoked upon His executioners, but with the forging mercy of a God He prayed for them, saying: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

If, then, Christ, is neither a fool nor a faker, we must acknowledge the only other alternative, viz., that He is what He claimed to be—true God.

### A QUESTION RE-ANSWERED

*I am enclosing the following question and answer cut from the July SIGN. "Why is it that when there is question of the life of the mother or the child at childbirth the Catholic doctor saves the child and lets the mother die? Every conscientious doctor tries to save both lives. But when the mother's life cannot be saved except through the direct killing of the child, the mother is permitted to die and the child to live." Is this information obtained from medical statistics, or is it a religious requirement? What is the reason for it? Of what good is it to leave a helpless infant in the world without its mother? What if the woman in question is a mother of other children?—E. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.*

The reply to the question in the July issue might have been amplified by the statements: "Evil may never be done that good may come of it" and that "the end never justifies the means in moral matters." We quote these on the authority of St. Paul. See Epistle to the Romans, chapter 3, verse 8.

The answer supposed a condition where the life of the mother was endangered because of the presence of the child. In such a case it would be murder to procure the life of the mother by killing the child. To kill one person in order to save another is a usurpation of the supreme dominion of Almighty God Who alone is Lord of Life and Death.

This doctrine is not obtained from the statistics of medicos but from the Revelation of God. Is it explicitly contained in the fifth precept of the Decalogue: "thou shalt not kill." To take the life of an innocent being is absolutely and unalterably immoral.

Your last two questions are beside the point. No question of the relative importance between a mother and her unborn child can alter one jot or tittle the fundamental doctrine that one life can never be saved at the expense of the direct killing or murder of the innocent. It is not a question of size, but of morality.

The Lord who feeds the birds of the air and clothes the lilies of the fields will provide for those children who are born in a case like this. We have more reason to expect Divine assistance when His laws are observed than we have when His inalienable prerogatives are usurped.

### MARRIAGE AND BAPTISM

*(1) Can a Catholic girl who was married to an unbaptized Jew by a Catholic priest be married again while her husband is living? (2) A baby was born but not baptized. Would baptism of desire suffice in this case?—C. Z., WEST NEW YORK, N. J.*

(1) The presence of a Catholic priest at the marriage is presumptive proof that the marriage was

valid and therefore cannot be dissolved until death.

(2) Baptism of desire can profit only those capable of having a desire. Infants are not able to have a wish to be baptized. Only baptism of water, or sacramental baptism, will re-generate them.

### RELIGIOUS BROTHERS

*Will you kindly explain why orders of Brothers do not become priests?—M. A. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.*

There may be many reasons for this. No doubt, the spirit of humility and the desire to give themselves unreservedly to the cause of education and correction, as the case may be, prompt the Brothers to remain as they are. Freedom from priestly obligations gives them power to concentrate on their particular task.

### VARIA

*(1) Adam and Eve being the first people on earth, who was Adam's first wife? (2) If a priest says that a certain person will go to Heaven when he dies, is it necessary to have masses said or prayers offered afterwards? (3) If prayers are answered, look at Mexico! (4) Why do we have more Italian Cardinals than any other nationality? (5) Were those who died before the coming of Christ saved?—J. N., DORCHESTER, MASS.*

(1) Eve was Adam's first and only wife. She was created for the purpose of being a helpmate, and God joined them in marriage while they dwelt in Paradise.

(2) The statement was not meant to be infallible. Consequently, it is the prudent thing to offer suffrages for the soul of the departed one. After death the soul must answer to God's justice, which is very exacting. Into Heaven nothing defiled shall enter. For every idle word the soul must render an account in the Day of Judgment. No soul shall go from the cleansing fire of Purgatory until it pays the last farthing. "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins."

(3) "Judge not before the time." The walls of Jericho did not fall until the Israelites marched around them seven times, nor did Elias raise the widow's son to life until he had lain himself upon him several times. We must allow God to choose the best means and the most propitious moment to answer prayer. In the meantime prayer must continue to ascend, for only to those who continue knocking will the door of God's mercy be opened.

(4) At the present time the College of Cardinals is nearly equally divided between Italian and non-Italian Cardinals. They are the senate or cabinet of the Catholic Church, assisting the Pope in the government of the faithful over the world. Since a cabinet should be in close touch with the presiding official, it is required that the Cardinals reside in the City of Rome itself. No Cardinal can live outside Rome without Papal approbation. Since most of the non-Italian Cardinals are resident bishops, with sees outside Rome, it follows that the Italian Cardinals, most of whom are non-resident bishops, are left to conduct the routine business of the Sacred College. They have a peculiar fitness for this work,



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having been trained for years in the methods of the Roman Curia. Moreover, the Italian Cardinals find it easier to live in Rome than most outsiders.

(5) No one is saved at any time unless he dies in the grace of God. Adults of Old Testament times who died with faith in the future Redeemer and sincere repentance for their sins obtained salvation. Infants, it is commonly supposed, received sanctifying grace in the rite of circumcision.

### NEW OXFORD MOVEMENT

*Is there an "Oxford Movement" in existence at the present time? A Protestant friend asked me for information regarding such a movement.*—M. H., PITTSBURGH, PA.

The Oxford Movement took place in England among men attached to Oxford University between 1833 and 1845. It resulted in the conversion of such men as Faber, Dalgairns, St. John, Ward, and Newman. Though the movement, as a movement, has passed into history, the issues then involved and the conversions resulting from their solution have continued to exert an influence on English and American Protestants of good-will even to the present day. The Lay Apostolate, which Catholic magazines, notably *America* and *THE SIGN*, are trying so hard to arouse, is animated with the same spirit which stirred the converts of Oxford. As far as we are aware this is the only sense in which we may term the effort to interest non-Catholics in the Church may be called an Oxford Movement.

### ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS

*Will you kindly give me a short account of the life of St. John of the Cross?*—J. F. D., ULSTER Co., N. Y.

St. John of the Cross was born in Hontiveros, Old Castile, Spain, on June 24, 1542. From his youth he led a penitential life. At the age of twenty he joined the Order of Carmelites. Shortly after his ordination to the priesthood he was inspired by St. Theresa, that other great Carmelite, to assist her in bringing both orders, male and female, back to the pristine fervor of the original rule. His zealous efforts brought upon him a steady persecution in which his religious superiors persisted until shortly before his death. His constant prayer "to suffer and to be despised" was answered to the full. The heroic sanctity of the man was finally recognized even by his brethren. His body still remains incorrupt. St. John left many poems and writings on mysticism, notably the Ascent of Mount Carmel, which place him among the masters of this science. He died on December 14, 1591, at Ubeda, Andalusia, Spain, but his remains were transferred to Segovia, where they rest at the present day.

### REMAILING MAGAZINES

*Could you give me the address of some place to which I may mail Catholic magazines?*—A. M. G., ORANGE, N. J.

Send them to The Catholic Laymen's League, Augusta, Ga.

### LACK OF PROPER CEREMONY

*A non-Catholic married a Catholic before the Justice of the Peace and for very good reasons secured a divorce. The non-Catholic now is keeping company with a Catholic and eventually intends to become converted. Can these parties marry again?*—C. W., LYNN, MASS.

Supposing that the facts given are true, there is ground for a declaration of nullity because of the fact that no Catholic can marry validly unless he is joined in marriage by a bishop, or pastor, or a delegate of either, in the presence of at least two witnesses. There was also an impediment of mixed religion. If a degree of nullity is obtained both parties to the ceremony before the Justice of the Peace are free to marry.

### DANCING DURING LENT

*Is it a sin to dance during Lent?*—B. A., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Dancing, like many forms of amusement, is not sinful in itself. It becomes good or bad according to the motive which urges a person to dance, and from the manner in which the dance is performed. There are some dances which are nothing but occasions of sin. Dancing in Lent is also lawful in itself, since it is forbidden by no law of the Church. But one who takes his religion seriously and reflects on the necessity of doing penance will enter into the spirit of the Church during Lent and will try to retrench his pleasures for love of Jesus Crucified.

### RELIGIOUS ORDERS

*Could you tell me where I may secure a book dealing with vocations and a description of the routine of the various religious orders for men?*—J. C. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

*What Shall I Be* by Fr. Cassilly, S.J., deals with vocations. It can be procured from The America Press, Eighth Avenue and Thirty-third Street, New York City. Price ten cents. There is no book we know of which describes in detail the rules and discipline of the male religious orders.

### NO SORROW IN HEAVEN

*If Christians know each other in the life to come, will they not miss loved ones who are lost and realize that the latter are in torment? Or will their memories of loved ones be blotted out? If such a transformation does not occur, how can it be possible that no sorrow shall enter the kingdom of Heaven?*—E. A. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Heaven is a state of perfect happiness. It consists essentially in the vision of God face to face. "We shall see Him as He is," says St. John. This vision of God and the felicity which results from this vision is absolutely incompatible with every species of sorrow. Compassion for others is a kind of sorrow. The one having compassion takes the ills of others upon himself, as it were. But such compassion cannot occur in Heaven, as is evident. It is repugnant to the perfection of Divine Justice to compassionate those who have resisted God and His gracious calls to repentance.

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### LUTHER'S DEATH

*I have heard it stated that Martin Luther received the last rites of the Catholic Church on his deathbed. Is this true?*—E. S., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

It is not true. His death occurred at Eisleben, Germany, on February 18, 1546.

### BISHOPS AND POPES OF COLOR

*Was the first Roman Catholic bishop consecrated in the New World colored, and were at least three Popes men of colored blood?*—P. L., SOMERVILLE, MASS.

If you refer to North America, the first bishop consecrated was far from being colored. He was Dr. John Carroll of Maryland, whose ancestors were Irish. He was consecrated in England on August 15, 1790. We cannot give you information regarding the consecration of bishops in other parts of the Western Hemisphere. Three Roman Pontiffs were African in origin. We may reasonably suppose that they were of a swarthy color, but not necessarily black and of the negroid type.

### CHANGING ONE'S NAME

*Do you think it is wrong for anyone to have her name changed to her mother's maiden name when one doesn't like her own name, Morris. I am of Irish birth and a Catholic, but the Jews have my name. It makes me feel badly to be mistaken for anything but what I am.*—N. N.

You have not sufficient reason to change your name. No court would sanction it for the reason which you give. All the world knows that Morris is an Irish name. Don't be disloyal to the great men and women who have been proud to bear it.

### SCHISMATICS AND SACRAMENTS

*I have read that Greek Orthodox priests celebrate Mass validly. As recognition of the Pope as visible head of the Catholic Church is necessary for every Catholic, and since only Catholics can receive the sacraments, how can Greek Orthodox priests, who refuse this recognition, receive the Sacrament of Holy Orders and celebrate Mass?*—L. J. M., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

You have read correctly, but your reasoning is faulty. The solution of this question rests on the Catholic doctrine concerning the nature of the sacraments. The sacraments, rightly administered, confer sanctifying grace by the very performance of the sacramental action. Thus, a Jew can baptize validly, provided he use water and pronounces the proper form and has the intention of doing what Christians do when they baptize. His lack of faith does not destroy the sacramental effect. All the sacraments, except baptism and matrimony, require the power of Sacred Orders for their valid administration. Orthodox Greek bishops and priests have valid Orders. The Catholic Church has always recognized the validity of their ordination. It may seem strange that they can administer sacraments validly when they are in schism and in heresy as well. Neither schism nor heresy, however, destroys the power of

valid ordination, provided the three essentials for the conferring of Holy Orders are retained and exercised; proper matter and form, and the right intention. Greek Orthodox bishops think that they have the right doctrine and their predominant intention is to do what the Church of Christ does. Those whom they ordain are validly ordained. Therefore, Orthodox priests can validly celebrate Mass and administer the Holy Eucharist. They cannot administer the Sacrament of Penance validly, because of the peculiar nature of the sacrament. The Sacrament of Penance demands the right of jurisdiction besides the power of orders. The latter power comes from valid ordination itself; the former from the express concession of the Pope. It is somewhat like a teacher who has received her diploma from a normal school. She cannot engage in her profession till she has been appointed to do so by the school board of the district. Since Orthodox bishops and priests are in schism, the Holy Father, from whom all jurisdiction flows, does not grant them faculties to absolve except in danger of death.

### VALIDITY OF MARRIAGE

(1) *A Catholic man married a Protestant woman. They lived together until the beginning of the war. He went to Canada and enlisted. His wife heard that he was killed in action and she remarried. Shortly afterwards she found out that he was alive and started divorce proceedings. He contested and HE was granted the divorce. Can he now be married by a priest to another woman?* (2) *Is a civil marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant recognized as a marriage by the Catholic Church?* (3) *Is a marriage performed by an ordained minister between a Catholic and a Protestant any more of a marriage in the eyes of the Catholic Church than a civil marriage?* I am assuming that the Protestant in both cases is baptized.—W. F. K., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

(1) If the first marriage was performed by a Catholic priest it is presumed to be a valid marriage and therefore indissoluble until death. (2) No. The law of the Church regarding the ceremony of marriage is as follows: No Catholic can marry validly, whether it is a question of a marriage between two Catholics, or between a Catholic and a non-Catholic, unless the ceremony is performed by a bishop or pastor, or the delegate of either, and at least two witnesses. (3) The answer is contained under the above.

### GROSS MISINFORMATION

*It has been told to me by several Catholics that if a Catholic girl marries a Protestant before a Protestant minister she could go to a priest and have her ring blessed and then receive communion without being married over again.*—A. P., NEW YORK.

How Catholics could entertain such notions is a mystery. Every Catholic of intelligence is supposed to know that no Catholic can marry validly unless he or she is married before a Catholic bishop or pastor, or the delegate of either, in the presence of at least two witnesses. This holds for strictly Catholic marriages, and also for marriages in which only one party is Catholic. Those Catholics who attempt marriage before a minister or a civil official commit

grave sin, and are subject to excommunication, from which they cannot be absolved unless special permission is obtained from the bishop of the diocese.

### THE ROMAN INDEX AND THEATRICALS

*If a book is placed on the Roman Index of Forbidden Books and a play, opera or movie is made, based on the condemned book, is the play, opera or movie forbidden?—P. A., BROOKLYN, N. Y.*

The Roman Index contains a list of books which are forbidden to the faithful to read. The Index, as such, does not proscribe theatricals based on condemned books (unless the prohibition includes such exhibitions). But the presumption is that if a book is condemned the play, or opera or movie based on the book will be dangerous to faith or morals, for the simple reason that the characters and their deeds as narrated in the book are translated into action on the stage or screen. One, therefore, ought to ascertain whether the movie or play is placed on the White List. If not, it were better not to attend, unless one were sure that the performance would not be an occasion of sin.

### CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE INDISSOLUBLE

*(1) If a baptized Protestant woman marries a baptized Protestant man in a Protestant church and they are later on divorced, can the woman marry a Catholic man if she becomes a Catholic before the marriage? Can she marry a Catholic if she does not become a Catholic herself? (2) Can an individual become a Catholic after having been divorced?—B. C., ST. LOUIS, MO.*

(1) Protestants can marry validly just as well as Catholics. When two baptized Protestants marry they contract validly, provided there be no nullifying impediments; such as, previous marriage, blood relationship, etc. Their valid marriages have the same qualities of unity and indissolubility till death that Catholic marriages have. There is no absolute divorce possible from the bond of a valid, consummated Christian marriage. A Christian marriage is one contracted by two baptized parties. Therefore the woman cannot marry again as long as her husband is living. This holds, whether she becomes a Catholic or not. Entrance into the Catholic Church is not an open sesame to new marriages. (2) A divorced person can become a Catholic. But it must be remembered that a Catholic must obey the law of God, which forbids such a thing as absolute divorce from the bond of a valid, consummated Christian marriage. Therefore the divorced party who wishes to join the Church must either resume relations with the other party, or, if this cannot be done, a decree of separation must be obtained from the bishop of the diocese.

### PERSONAL ANSWER

To S. M. Q. The oath which you took seems to have been a valid oath, but you did not swear to the truth in good faith. Because of your good faith you did not commit perjury, which is a deliberate violation of an oath.

## Communications

### A COMPETENT CRITIC

I wish to tell you that I think THE SIGN is the most attractive Catholic magazine in the United States. If you can get some more articles of Grant Morgan's I'm sure they'll be interesting. I like your idea of printing textually a Scriptural selection (although I'm liable to have many suggestions to offer). Your artist, too, does fitting illustrations.

CALIENTE, NEV.

(REV.) J. M. SIMON, O.S.M.

### FROM A FORMER EPISCOPALIAN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Please pardon me for again referring to the Grant Morgan article, but there is something more I would like to say—especially as to St. Mary the Virgin's, New York. I have no brief for that Church or its rector and am not known there, but it is an outstanding Anglo-Catholic congregation and it exhibits about what the present-day Anglo-Catholics have arrived at. In June, 1925, while passing there one Sunday morning just before the eleven o'clock communion service I stopped in to look about the church, having always admired it, but as the congregation was assembling I simply rested for a while in one of the rear pews and from there observed the church and then the people as they were being seated by the ushers.

The usher in the centre aisle was very capable and polite and seemed to be a keen observer, for several times he approached persons and then asked them if they were looking for a Catholic church explaining that St. Mary's was Episcopalian and finding out the intentions of the visitors directed them to some nearby Catholic church the name of which I cannot recall. It was all very gracious and confirmed my own experiences in the old days. So you will see from this personal experience of mine that things there are not as bad as sometimes painted.

As to Dr. Barry hearing the confessions of Catholics I have no knowledge—but, then, can he be blamed if through a misunderstanding such a thing should happen. In making provision of the convenient hearing of the confessions of his own people he naturally needs a decent place and has erected confessionals. The P. E. Church in its daily services plainly declares that "God hath given power and commandment to His ministers to declare and pronounce to His people being penitent the absolution and remission of their sins," and then in the official invitation to communion the minister is directed to invite the people to come to him or "some other minister of God's word" and "open their grief" to the removal of all scruple and doubtfulness. Judging the character of the rector of St. Mary's by his utterances I am sure he would be the last to attempt to deceive anyone, especially an honest Catholic.

The real purpose of my letter writing to you is to remove misunderstanding. We regret that Protestants should so misunderstand the Catholic Faith and resent some of the horrid caricatures of it believed by so many of them; but wouldn't it help if we too tried to understand them and finding the points of agreement try in gentleness and truth to lead them home. *More Anglo-Catholics and other Protestants*



## THE † SIGN

are confirmed in their position by harsh bitter things said by Catholic controversialists than by the revived use of Catholic ceremonies in their own churches. I am not charging you or THE SIGN with this offense. Formal heresy and schism are no doubt terrible sins and must be condemned, but can we charge the great mass of Protestants with those offences? The great mass of the clergy and lay people whom I have known in the various Protestant churches have shown deep and abiding love for Jesus Christ and in many cases have given up all for love of Him. They cannot help that our ancestors of 400 years ago sinned and really isn't it wonderful that so much of the Faith was saved out of the awful turmoil of those times.

The following may be of interest to you. Sunday, two weeks ago, Emmanuel Episcopal Church here broadcast its evening musical service which consisted of Palestrina's *Missa Brevis*. The rector explained what the Mass is both as to the material of the service and as to the doctrine. He carefully and accurately explained and defended transubstantiation and the sacrifice and also the use the church makes of the Latin tongue. As each portion of the Mass was sung he gave its history and meaning; always following closely Catholic writers, quoting quite long bits from Cardinal Gibbons' writings, etc. All the parts were sung in Latin very beautifully.

It really was astounding that such a defense of Catholic teaching and the Roman missal should have been sent out over the world from a Protestant pulpit, especially as the congregation could not be called Anglo-Catholic. Please pardon this long rambling letter and accept it in the spirit in which it is sent, namely, that of a desire to love all men and help them to a knowledge of the truth.

BALTIMORE, MD.

THOMAS E. DAVIS.

### A PLEA FOR REVERENCE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

For many a day I have found myself uttering a sincere prayer, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do," and it is with the hope of starting a wide-spread campaign for reverence to our Sacramental Jesus that I am addressing myself to several of the leading Catholic periodicals, with the hope that our people will overcome one of their most thoughtless irreverences.

Our Holy Name Societies do their share in teaching reverence of the Blessed Name. The pious habit of men lifting their hats to The Presence when passing a church; the profound adoration of our people as they prostrate themselves when the Host is carried in procession during the Forty Hours or Corpus Christi services bespeak the honor in which our people do really hold the sacred Body and Blood, but why, oh, why, the almost insulting demeanor at Mass when our neighbors return from the Altar (truly Temples of the Holy Ghost) now Living Tabernacles, bearing the God of All Holiness!

To see our Catholic people bow at the Elevation and watch them strike their breasts in acknowledgement of our Gift, then to see them fail to even move in their seats for the returning Communicant who so often is made to crawl over them in order to drag his consecrated person back to his seat almost makes one shriek with horror and beg God to forgive them—surely they do not think, although common courtesy

would make them step aside for their neighbor on any other occasion.

They only await a stirring sermon from their priest to have every person show the honor that is due, and may God inspire some of the religious readers of this, to pass on in more eloquent manner, my sincere plea for reverence to the Sacred Host in His Living Tabernacles.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

MISS A. A. E.

### FOR RURAL CATHOLICITY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

We wish to express to the editor of THE SIGN our gratitude for the favor rendered to us some time ago by publishing our appeal for volunteers in the remailing of Catholic literature. The many generous responses received have been a great encouragement and have so increased our lists of "remailers" that now this work has spread from Massachusetts to California. We take this opportunity also to thank the subscribers of THE SIGN for the part they have taken in this lay-apostolate.

But it is still our ardent desire that more, many more might interest themselves in this manner of making Christ better known and loved. In the mission regions of this great country there are ever so many of the true fold and others yet outside thereof starving for the bread of Catholic truth, and it is for the sake of these spiritually unfortunate brethren that we seek anew to obtain a host of generous "remailers." Anyone, therefore, who is willing to remail Catholic papers should communicate with Father Bandas, the Director of the Mission Society and mention the periodicals that are to be used. We shall then gladly give the names and addresses of rural families and information concerning the postal rates.

Had you ever thought, too, you who read this, how admirably efficacious a well directed Catechism Correspondence Course would prove in the building of a strong rural Catholicity? We have learned from experience, the experience of many of our seminarians, who have conducted such courses, that they are a truly remarkable means of assisting mission pastors in the religious education of those children and adults who for various reasons cannot at all, or but rarely, enjoy oral instructions. Now it is our intention in this matter to diffuse as widely as possible the beneficial effects of these Catechism Courses by supplying them to all those mission priests who have sought and are seeking to obtain them from us. Therefore, we suggest that as many as are willing to sponsor this form of spreading Christ's Truth should send to us either the fifty-five cents (\$0.55) necessary to pay for Monsignor Day's First Communion Course or the dollar and fifteen cents (\$1.15) necessary for the Confirmation Course or a dollar and seventy cents (\$1.70) to cover the cost of both. We will then purchase and distribute these to the mission priests and beg them to remember before God the generous souls who have so helped them.

Again we express our heartfelt gratitude both to the Editor of THE SIGN and to those lay-apostles who have hitherto so willingly co-operated in our, or rather, God's work.

THE MISSION SOCIETY  
THE ST. PAUL SEMINARY

(REV.) R. G. BANDAS,  
Director.



# An Evening at Home

## A Thumb-Nail Sketch of Ireland

**S**UPPER OVER, the family gathered about the fire to rest and talk. Peter, the eldest son of the house, strode leisurely out, banging the half-door after him, and, as usual, leaving the door itself ajar, so that Mollie with a sigh of resignation had to go and close it.

The "Woman of the House" had a pile of sewing and darning on the *sougan* chair at the fire and "himself" was learnedly discussing the new drainage in Ardskeagh with the servant man. Thus the night wore on, and each half hour brought one or two of the boys who were out rambling and dropped in for a chat. By nine o'clock the little group about the peat fire had grown large and, though there were many things to talk about and maybe to laugh about, nobody was annoyed when there were long spells of silence.

The old-fashioned clock, that hung above the sporting gun over the fire, showed half past nine when the *Bean na Tigh*, the Woman of the House, reached to a nail in the chimney corner and brought out her beads. The soft rattle of them was a signal that all understood and the conversation was brought to an abrupt close while the whole company settled themselves on their knees.

Those who were least tired knelt on the seats of chairs, kneeling stiffly upright with hands resting on the backs, but the majority, being tired, knelt on the floor and laid their arms heavily on the chairs' seats.

The Woman of the House began the Rosary and in the silence Peter, returning from his short ramble, came whistling through the door and, dropping a horse collar heavily to the floor, knelt on it, for it was straw, stuffed and soft.

"The Five Joyful Mysteries: the First Mystery: the Annunciation," the Woman of the House began and all answered. They answered in every key—some audibly, some mumblingly and others in whispers. Then the second Mystery "The Visitation" came and it was taken up and recited by big Mountainy Mick who never tired telling of his experiences of America that were gained in the dim past, in the days of his youth. Then Mollie gave out the "Nativity"; Peter the "Presentation" and so on throughout the five decades until the closing prayers came, and they were always left for "herself" to say.

By GEORGE BINGHAM

While Mountainy Mick was mumbling the second decade into his heavy moustache, the latch lifted quietly and the door opened. The wave of air that came through was full of the smell of the autumn fields and the hills fragrant of heather and meadow and of new-turned, rain-soaked earth. Not a head turned to see who the new comer might be. Some, who knelt facing the door, may have shot a glance at him through their fingers or from the corners of their eyes, but that was all.

Steadily the hum of voices continued to recite the Rosary and in a moment the stranger was on his knees and answering too. He was a traveling man. In the cities and up-to-date places they name him beggar or tramp and the police pursue him. Here, he is a traveling man, and hearth and board are open to him as the peasants' hearths and boards have been open to the pilgrim throughout the ages.

When Peter had finished his decade, there was a moment's silence until the stranger, who happened to kneel nearest to him, began "The Fifth Mystery; the Finding in the Temple." When the Woman of the House had said the closing prayers, the little company slipped back into their seats.

"God bless all here," said the traveling man. "You too, sir," responded herself. "Maybe you'll have a taste of supper after the long roads you've been walking all the day."

While the stranger refreshed himself, he talked after the manner of his kind and told of the prices they were getting for eggs in the west and of the great speech a Dublin man made in Galway town last Sunday. He gave them an eye-witness' description of the Clare and Tipperary hurling and talked much about the old Fenian leader he said he met in the workhouse at Castlebar.

**N**OW MOLLIE raked the fire and settled it so that there would be a few red coals remaining to start the fire in the morning. The stranger was shown his improvised resting place and the visitors started for their homes, walking leisurely, whistling and talking.

In these places life is simple; pain and worry are reduced to a minimum, tomorrow has no terror, for these are children of the soil, near nature and, consequently, near God.

# Jacob and Rachel

*From the Book of Genesis\**

**W**HEN JACOB went on his journey and came into the East country. And he saw a well in the field, and three flocks of sheep lying by it; for the beasts were watered out of it, and the mouth thereof was closed with a great stone. . . . And he said to the shepherds: "Brethren, whence are you?" They answered: "Of Haran." And he asked them, saying: "Know you Laban, the son of Nachov?" They said: "We know him." He said: "Is he in health?" "He is in health," they say; "and behold Rachel, his daughter, cometh

with his flock."

And Jacob said: "There is yet much day remaining, neither is it time to bring the flocks into the folds again: first give the sheep drink, and so lead them back to feed." They answered: "We cannot till all the flocks be gathered together, and we remove the stone from the well's mouth, that we may water the flocks." They were yet speaking, and behold Rachel came with her father's sheep, for she fed the flock. And when Jacob saw her and knew her to be his cousin-german, and that they were the flocks of Laban, his uncle,

he removed the stone wherewith the well was closed. And having watered the flock, he kissed her; and lifting up his voice, wept.

And he told her that he was her father's brother, the son of Rebecca; but she went in haste and told her father, who, when he heard that Jacob, his sister's son, had come, ran forth to meet him; and embracing him and heartily kissing him, brought him into his house. And when he had heard the causes of his journey, he answered: "Thou art my bone and my flesh." And after the days of one month were expired, he said to him: "Because thou art my brother, shalt thou serve me without wages? Tell what wages thou wilt have."

Now he had two daughters. The name of the elder was Lia; and the younger was Rachel. But Lia was blear-eyed: Rachel was well favored and of a beautiful countenance. And Jacob, being in love with her, said: "I



JACOB AND RACHEL MEET AT WELL

\*GENESIS, meaning Generation, is the first part of the Holy Bible—a book which, for interesting and instructive reading, has never been surpassed. It should be in every Catholic home. A large Bible, beautifully bound in leather, will be sent by THE SIGN at any address for \$4.25.

## THE † SIGN

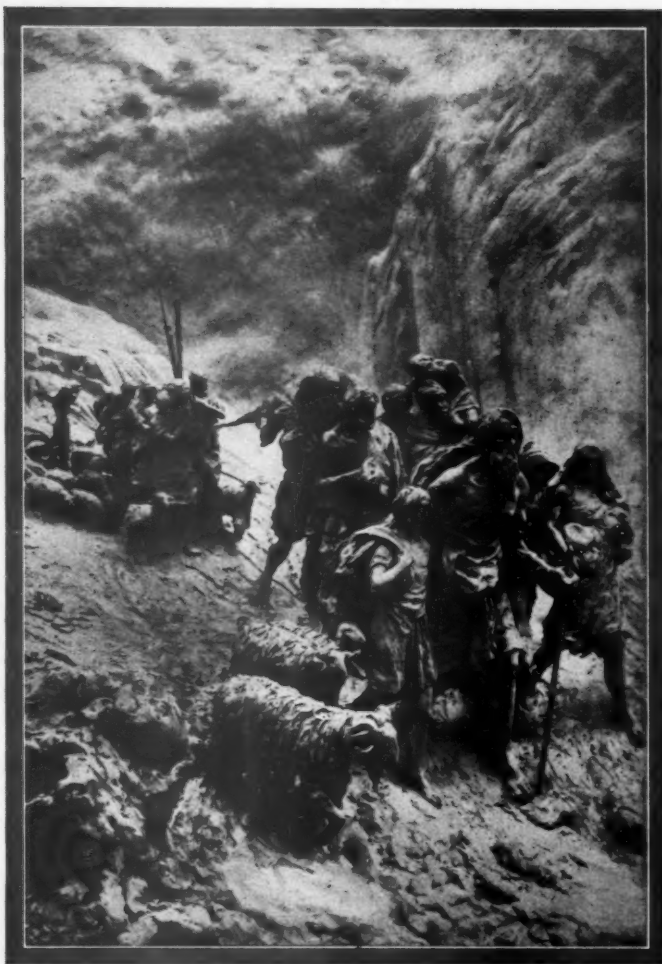
will serve thee seven years for Rachel, thy younger daughter." Laban answered: "It is better that I give her to thee than to another man—stay with me." So Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed but a few days because of the greatness of his love.

\* \* \* \* \*

**I**N THE meantime God said to Jacob: "Arise and go up to Bethel and dwell there, and make there an altar to God Who appeared to thee when thou didst flee from Esau, thy brother." And Jacob, having called together his household, said: "Cast away the strange gods that are among you, and be cleansed and change your garments. Arise, and let us go to Bethel that we may make there an altar to God Who heard me in the day of my affliction, and accompanied me on my journey." So they gave him all the strange gods they had, and the earrings that were in their ears; and he buried them under the turpentine tree that is behind Sichem.

And when they were departed, the terror of God fell upon all the cities round about, and they durst not pursue after them as they went away. And Jacob came to Luz, which is in the land of Chanaan, surnamed Bethel; he and all the people that were with him. And he built there an altar, and called the name of that place, The House of God, for there God appeared to him when he fled from his brother. At the same time Deborah, the nurse of Rebecca, died and was buried at the foot of Bethel under an oak; and the name of that place was called, The Oak of Weeping.

And God appeared again to Jacob, after he returned from Mesopotamia of Syria, and He blessed him, saying: "Thou shalt not be called any more Jacob, but Israel shall be thy name." And He called him Israel, and said to him: "I am God Almighty. Increase thou and be multiplied. Nations and people of nations shall be from thee, and kings shall come out of thy loins. And the land which I gave to Abraham and



JACOB AND HIS FAMILY GOING TO CHANAAN

Isaac, I will give to thee and to thy seed after thee." And He departed from him.

But he set up a monument of stone in the place where God had spoken to him: pouring drink offerings upon it, and pouring oil thereon. And he called the name of that place Bethel. And going forth from thence, he came in the spring-time to the land that leadeth to Ephrata; wherein when Rachel was in travail. . . . And when her soul was departing for pain and death was now at hand, she called the name of her son Benoni, that is, The Son of My Pain; but his father called him Benjamin, that is, The Son of the Right Hand. So Rachel died, and was buried in the highway that leadeth to Ephrata, that is, Bethlehem.

# A Frescoed Mind

## A Relief in a Roman Wall

**I**N A SUN-BAKED CORNER of the Piazza di Spagna in Rome a shoeblack once had his perch—and may still have it, for all I know. And there he plied his cruelly spasmodic trade all through the scorching hot days of the summer, and the bitter rainy days of the winter. He reminded one of a Genoese fisherman, with his deeply-tanned face, his proud aquiline nose, and those strong thin hands, which somehow seemed alien to the true business of shoeblackening. And no sooner did you put one foot on the rickety velvet-upholstered stand than the little man of the scarlet cap and brown leather corduroys would start talking.

His talk was paradoxical; an enigmatic revelation, no more and no less. Rome alone did not encompass his world. Like some ancient warrior in Caesar's legions, he had trod the remotest ways of the earth, picking here a bit of English slang, there a choice morsel of Americanese, spicing these with a nonchalant hint of the real Paris *argot* or a heavily constructed sentence heard in a night-haunt of Berlin or Vienna. Peoples, towns, individuals, big buildings of world-fame, all in turn flashed through his talk, each duly pivoted round the all-important centre—his own self. And you listened and forgot to feel annoyed at his glaring incompetence as a shoeblack; he never seemed to know which cream you wanted, until you gave him a definite prompting, and, sometimes, the slim bronze fingers would grope with uncertainty over your shoe, as though he did not know where to begin.

Mario was noted for one idiosyncrasy; he never looked up, even when thanking you for the generosity of your tip. The brown hand would touch the slouching red cap, and then immediately busy itself with the scattered brushes. One took this as some hall-mark of austere detachment.

Reminiscent moods would take possession of him whenever he heard English accents. London and New York—of course he had known both. The Statue of Liberty, the electric messages of sky-scrapers by night. . . . And he would splash mighty color into his description of Westminster Abbey. Once I wondered as to who had taught him to think that the mountain snows had made Milan Cathedral as white as it is. He remembered Versailles as some laughing, trembling tapestry

By E. M. ALMEDINGEN

woven with threads of finest green and gold and blue and brown.

"When you go back home, Signorina," he counseled me, "take your way through Genoa. There you pass a long, long tunnel with gaps in it. And through these gaps you will see the Mediterranean, which is never blue, as poets want it to be, but clear deep green, and you will see the red caps of fishermen flash in the sun, and the brown sails of their tiny boats dancing on the green waters, and then you will surely thank God for the color He has thrown into life."

"You should have been a painter, Mario," I said, and he protested:

"*Chi lo sa?* But shoeblackening pays best. *Ecco*—roads are so dusty in our Rome."

**O**NCE I happened to get an illustrated weekly from London, and, when my eyes fell on a richly-colored print of an English garden in May, I at once thought of Mario. So I cut out the picture, and brought it to the sunny corner of the Piazza di Spagna.

"Look, Mario!" I thrust the print into his lap. "There's something for you. Isn't it lovely?"

The strong bronzed fingers closed over the picture, stroking it timidly, uncertainly. For the first time I noticed something terribly purposeful about those hands: it seemed as though what knowledge came to Mario of size and shape of tangible things was given to him by his hands alone. I brushed away this wild idea, only to hear his voice floating upwards . . . such a fearful husky voice:

"I am sorry you have brought it, Signorina. There is nothing in this—but somehow—I did not want you to know—"

His beautiful hands still stroking the picture, Mario lifted his scarlet-capped head. The eyes stared past me into vacancy . . .

"It happened ten years ago," the altered voice went on whispering, "but I had had time to see so many wondrous things. I live remembering the color. . . . And that is why I talk. Signorina, forget what you have discovered today. Please, what shoes are you wearing just now?"

Of all broken reeds Sentimentality is the most broken reed on which righteousness can lean.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



# Archconfraternity Comment

*(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Passion for January, 1928)*

**T**HE INTENTION of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for January is: THE RESTORATION OF PEACE TO CHINA.

As peace comes to the inhabitants of that distracted country our Missionaries, who have now returned to their Missions, will be able to carry on with their former success their holy work of converting the Chinese to Christ.

## OUR LAY APOSTOLATE

**W**E WANT 100,000 Catholic laymen to make this their New Year's resolution: "One convert to the Church of Jesus Christ during the year 1928." Will you be one of them?

Could a better resolution be made by any Catholic? We may promise many things to God to be fulfilled during the coming year. We may resolve to correct many faults and failings; we may even vow the acquisition of some virtue; but we doubt much whether any resolution, however sincerely made and kept, would please God more or be a greater source of grace and strength to ourselves than this; "One convert to the Church of Jesus Christ for the year 1928."

Catholic religious leaders, who have studied the situation of the churches in America, are convinced that the time is most propitious for a great Lay Apostolate movement to bring many souls back to the Faith of their fathers.

Four hundred years ago a large part of Europe rejected the Faith handed down by the saints. Today we have the results of this apostasy, then called "The Reformation." In our own country we have the sad spectacle of 60,000,000 American non-Catholics who profess no belief whatsoever, and who never attend any church. The remainder are, for the most part, dilatory in their church-going and hazy in their beliefs. As a body, it cannot be denied that those outside the true Church are drifting steadily from Christianity itself. Undeniably, there are many who have a great personal love for Christ, and a sincere good will to do whatever they can to please Him.

Of course, many of those who attend no church will never attend any, no matter what influence is brought to bear upon them. Of those who go to some church, many are quite satisfied with their belief and, being in good faith, would resent any attempt to interfere with that belief.

On the other hand, there are many souls who are dissatisfied with the wranglings and the divisions of Protestantism and who are eager for the helping hand or the certain voice that will lead them to the only true fold of the only true Shepherd. Multitudes of non-Catholics in every large city are simply awaiting an invitation to come into the Church.

Catholic leaders are convinced that only a great Lay Apostolate movement can do anything worth while. In England, The Catholic Evidence Guild is doing wonderful work in this regard. Even pagan China has its Catholic Lay Apostolate. In Shanghai, a body of lay apostles in less than ten years changed a town with three or four Catholics into a parish of five hundred parishioners who built their own Church and school. America is as ripe a field for the work of lay apostles as is China or England. America will not be converted to Catholicism until our lay Catholics take up the work of spreading the Faith in downright earnest.

American Catholics are second to none in their generosity to the foreign missions. Why should they be lax and careless in working directly for souls here in our own country? Every day we pray, "Thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven." Have we ever tried to suit the action to the prayer? Have we ever done anything that God might have undisputed sway on earth as He has in His eternal kingdom?

Who can become Lay Apostles in this great work? Any good Catholic, man or woman. And the method? PRAYER—that God may give the light to see the truth and grace to follow it—"Without Me you can do nothing." GOOD EXAMPLE—"Let Your light shine before men that they may glorify your Father Who is in Heaven."

GOOD EXAMPLE—That Catholic man or woman will have most influence on the life and the belief of the non-Catholic who is most exemplary in his duties towards God and man. There is no sermon more powerful than right living; no treatise more compelling than a simple childlike faith that shows itself in devotion to God's Church and the needs of one's fellow men. The inquiring non-Catholic must wonder and investigate a faith that leads a man to be faithful to his family life, to his neighbor and to his God. A

## THE † SIGN

scrupulous attendance at Sunday and even weekday Mass and the making religion influence one's daily life cannot but impress the non-Catholic.

**PRAYER.** It was revealed to St. Theresa that thousands of souls were converted through her prayers. Only God can tell the number of souls enlightened and converted by the prayers of cloistered nuns. This fact leads many priests in the Orient and in pagan lands to request Cloistered orders to found houses of prayer among their pagan people. More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. One of the greatest is the descent of God's grace and light in the hearts of them who know not Him or the Holy Church He has established.

**SPREADING THE WRITTEN WORD.** This can be done by the remailing of Catholic literature and by personal approach. Cardinal Gibbon was wont to tell the story of a whole family converted to the Church by the reading of a Catholic paper that had been wrapped about a shipment of merchandise. There are many families in whose homes no paper or magazine ever enters. There are priests in the South or in foreign countries who daily clamor for Catholic literature for their people. The press is more powerful than the sword. There is no vehicle more powerful to convince the non-Catholic of the truths of the Church than the Catholic paper or magazine.

Again, the Catholic layman has access to persons and places that are hardly approachable to the priest. The Catholic layman meets his fellow workman in intimate contacts that no priest can establish. Many times during the year questions concerning Catholic doctrine are asked and if the Catholics addressed can answer intelligently, much good can be accomplished. In many Catholic families there are non-Catholic relatives. A friendly chat with the well-disposed about our religion has been conducive to enlightenment and oftentimes to conversion. Much bigotry can be dispelled by the simple explanation for Catholic doctrine. Love will find a way. And he who loves the priceless treasure that is his will endeavor to share it. No available opportunity should be let pass without a discreet word for Christ and His Church.

This work of the Lay Apostolate is peculiarly dear to God. Our Lord was a missionary. His whole earthly life and especially His painful death had but one end in view—the salvation of souls. Those who cooperate in this work strive, in union with Him, for that same end. His most bitter pain upon the Cross was that of thirst—thirst for immortal souls for whom He died. "The cry of

my dying Savior: 'I thirst.'" says the Little Flower, "sounded incessantly in my heart and kindled therein a burning desire hitherto unknown to me. I felt myself consumed with thirst for souls."

To bring one soul to Christ is an undying work. We can never know in this life what it will mean for ourselves or to the soul of another. Only God can properly reward such a good work. Therefore, we ask for 100,000 Catholic laymen to make this their New Year's resolution: "One convert to the Church of Jesus Christ in the year 1928."

### ANOTHER RESPONSE TO H. M. S.

#### ARCHCONFRATERNITY DIRECTOR:

In relation to the letter of H. M. S. in your Archconfraternity Comment column, I have taken the opportunity of vindicating the appeals of the Archconfraternity, which H. M. S. denounces as incompatible to Christianity.

Let us consider his letter accordingly; H. M. S. asserts that the Christianity of our Blessed Savior is based on charity which means tolerance, and not on Catholicism. If this is true it indicates that our Blessed Redeemer died an ignominious death on the cross for the sins of mankind, and that no repentance for our sins is required for our salvation. The undying charity of our Blessed Lord was to save all mankind from eternal death and before the Ascension of our Savior, we were not abandoned, and left to select our own erroneous opinions for our salvation. For God did not abandon man when he first fell into sin but promised him a Redeemer, likewise did our Blessed Savior leave an infallible guide which was to teach authoritatively all nations, and the Son of God promised His Spouse the Roman Catholic Church, that the gates of Hell would not prevail against His Church even unto the consummation of the world.

The Church of God may come to a decline and the clergy may become corrupted in any country in the world, but God raises saintly mortals to combat valiantly against the gates of Hell, and to re-build with greater strength His infallible Church. Christians may have gone through persecutions, civil war, inquisitions, etc., in medieval Europe, but that did not invalidate the propagation of the Holy Faith, for at present the Church of God is stronger than ever before.

We must not be scandalized by learning of corrupted clergymen, for one out of the twelve chosen by our Blessed Lord became corrupted. Moreover, our Blessed Savior did not promise that His Church would never give scandal, but He did promise that it would never teach error. Heaven is not only for good Catholics, but for all who live according to the law of God which is ("Love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, mind, and soul, and thy neighbor as thyself.") And to observe this law we must love God the way He teaches us through His Church for which He died to found. "For he that heareth you heareth Me, and he that despiseth you despiseth Me."

ELIZABETH, N. J.

J. T.

# The Rotarian Gospel

*That Makes a Travesty of Christ's Christianity*

**W**HEN JOSIAH B. BOOSTEM rises to the heights of Rotarian eloquence, he is apt to declare that the motive of industry and commerce is nothing else but SERVICE. In a voice resonant with just pride he may be heard to assert that the spirit which once built cathedrals and sent men into the monastic life now builds business establishments and calls upon youth to devote its gifts to the supply of commodities of public utility. If it is an after-dinner speech he may get as far as to say that it is those assembled with him at the hospitable board who represent the real religious movement of our day.

"My friends," he will remark, "the times have changed. Religion is a business proposition. If I had a son whom I invited to emulate his father's career I would put into his hands the New Testament and I would say, 'My boy, that Book is the foundation of any little success I may have attained. By reading, learning, marking and inwardly digesting its—er—principles it will be possible for you to become a Rockefeller, a Pierpont Morgan or a Henry Ford.' I even make bold to assert—er—that if Jesus were living today He would be a Rotarian."

And he will sit down amid prolonged applause, followed later by hearty slaps on the back from his fellow members and appreciative remarks respecting the "noble sentiments" he has expressed. In fact, it is not at all unlikely that the whole company will go home in a mood of genial complacency, feeling that at last it has equated the Religion of the Cross with Big Business.

But the outsider, who, not having shared the feast, may be supposed to maintain a detached attitude, will become uneasy as he notes certain differences between Christianity as originally taught and this modern version of it. He may perhaps remark that, while the gentlemen who applauded these sentiments were obviously well-fed and faultlessly attired, the first disciples were poor men dependent for their livelihood on the uncertain generosity of those to whom they preached. He may observe that many of them met their deaths by violent means. It may occur to him that, instead of assisting them in their business as fishermen, tax-collectors and in such like occupations, it obliged them to leave their business. He may remember that their Lord

had chosen invoked severe sacrifices and that He even contrasted the fate of a rich man with that of a beggar at his gate, giving a decided preference to the latter. In short, it will appear clear on reflection that the religion of those early days did not, on every occasion, prove a paying proposition, whereas it is a necessary condition of the Rotarian gospel that its neophytes should "make good."

On further thought a curious feature in this Religion of Big Business may emerge. A peep into the mind of Josiah B. Boostem would discover the fact that the fixed point around which its thoughts revolve is the material prosperity of Josiah B. Boostem. That the gentleman so named shall achieve success in his business concerns is its one unchanging dogma. "I believe in Josiah B. Boostem," runs the brief creed which he daily recites, "and in his right to lay hands on all he can reach."

This is not to say that Christianity has not a share and a very considerable share in his outlook on life. He has discovered that certain of its ideals have no small practical value. The idea that you must, if you are going to "pull it off," give the public what it wants is derived, he will tell you, directly from the New Testament. It is here that the idea of Social Service comes in. If the public requires a sensational and misleading press, it is the duty—mark the word!—of the moneyed man to see that the capital for such a press is forthcoming. If it demands highly flavored films, Hollywood will cater to that taste. Here, you see, how the principle of living for others come in. The 100 per cent Rotarian does not think of himself; he will probably prefer a more respectable type of newspaper and a film a little less sensual than the enterprises in which his capital is invested produce. But he is public spirited enough to recognize that his own tastes in this matter must be relegated to the background. If he insisted upon his own selfish preferences, the business would not pay—and that, as we saw, is a denial of the one dogma of his faith.

**M**OREOVER, he will tell you that honesty and courtesy in dealing with customers, consideration for the welfare of his employes are in both the Christian code and in that of his

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Chamber of Commerce. That proves the identity of these two codes.

**B**UT—OUR detached observer may ask—are not the positions of these principles enunciated by the Chamber of Commerce the reverse of what they are in Christianity. In the program of Big Business they are subordinate to the ideal of material prosperity. Their value is estimated in proportion to the extent to which they contribute towards increased profits. The study of Christian Ethics, therefore, is placed on the same level as the study of French or German, or of industrial psychology. It is a business asset. No commercial career is complete without it. In fact, one would not be surprised to see some day an advertisement running in this fashion:

### COMMERCIAL TRAINING

Bookkeeping : Typewriting : Shorthand  
Salesmanship : Modern Languages  
Practical Christianity  
Enquire: Rotarian, Box No. 10001.

But the connection in the New Testament between Big Business and the doctrines there found is not obvious. It has already been pointed out that Christ seemed to indicate that the Christian life might not always be, so far as the world is concerned, a very paying proposition. According to Him, certain things are obligatory, not because they tend to result in material prosperity but because they are demanded by the Will of God. The doing of that will, it would appear, is an end in itself apart from any results it may

achieve. With those whom we have been describing the capture of the markets is the prime consideration, and Christianity comes in as a subordinate and contributing factor, whereas, in the teaching of Jesus Christ and His Apostles, the Christian life is our response to the holiness and love of God and the markets appear—if they appear at all—in a very secondary place. It is quite true, therefore, to say that Rotarianism resembles Christianity but it resembles it as the reflection in the lake resembles the landscape which it mirrors; the reflection is the landscape *upside down*. Every tree and hilltop, every little cottage and cloud is there, but they are there in a topsyturvy fashion.

There is, in fact, no real resemblance between the two and the superficial likeness makes the modern travesty of Christianity all the more dangerous. I do not fear open and avowed Agnosticism or Paganism as I fear this inverted image of our religion. I would rather have my Faith opposed than patronized. I would rather see it attacked than stolen. Those whom Christ condemned most severely were not "the publicans and sinners" but the unctuous hypocrites who exploited religion for their own selfish ends. It was not the "haunch of vice" which He cleared with a whip but the money-changers in the Temple. Have we any reason to suppose that His attitude would be different today?

We may be glad to hear the accounts of Christian idealism amid the hubbub of the mart and when, as is frequently the case, they are uttered with sincere and disinterested conviction we should accord them a sympathetic welcome, but when they do but glorify Mammonism, then there is nothing for them but the knotted cord.

## *The Crucifix in America*

By THOMAS MURRAY CLAYDON

Out of what ghetto came that stark, twisted Thing?  
Centuries of suffering are in It's eyes.  
Those shrunken limbs were chiselled by conquest and slavery.  
He revives dreams of barbaric empires and their tortured criminals.  
The wind seems to flutter His loin cloth derisively—making play with that  
fragment of Poverty's flag.  
He is sure an immigrant: we have no such faces here.

Stay! I have seen His like in old Spanish missions along the south-west coast,  
And have I not met Him in the churches of the unassimilated Latins?  
A Dago god—that is what He is.

See, a crown on His head! Huh! we have no use for crowns here.  
That is a symbol of the Old World. They ought to have kept Him out.  
But it is of thorns. A most scathing satire on kingship!



# The Morning Watch

## The Appeal of Jesus Crucified

By FRANCIS SHEA, C.P.

*"I will meditate on Thee in the morning, because Thou has been my Helper." (Ps. 62:7.)*

**H**AVING LEAVING from the wrath of Saul, David came to the desert of Idumea. In that arid region—"in a desert land where there is no way and no water"—he composed a psalm in which he voices the ardor of His desire for God. Raised on the wings of ecstasy, he sings words of praise and gratitude to God for the protection given him. In the fervor of his devotion he makes a mighty resolve: "I will meditate on Thee in the morning, because Thou hast been my Helper." In this manner did he store up confidence for the day that lay before him. What cared he for the hatred of Saul, his own perilous journeys, his many privations, his exile from home and friends, for God was his Helper.

Only Catholics who kneel in the morning for a few brief minutes before the Crucifix can experience David's joy, confidence and courage. Gazing on Jesus Crucified, they see past dangers avoided or even past sins forgiven as a source of joy—a cause for rejoicing in the love of Him, "Who gave Himself that He might redeem us from all iniquity." (TITUS 2:14.) From Him will come confidence to face the day's struggle, temptations and trials, for He Himself was "like unto us in all things, sins alone excepted" and, consequently, in all things "wherein He Himself hath suffered and been tempted, He is able to succor them also that are tempted." (HEBR. 2:18.) Courage, too, will be theirs, who gaze upon His wounds, when they realize that they are chosen to sit upon thrones more resplendent, more enduring than that for which David was chosen.

The monks of the old European monasteries repeated and practised the resolution of David. "I will meditate upon Thee in the morning because Thou hast been my Helper." Not only did they watch for Him at break of day to declare in how many ways they thirsted after Him, the Fountain of living waters; not only did they praise Him with joyful lips, but they were particularly careful to recall, before the labors and sufferings of the day set in, that He was their true Helper.

When the Martyrology was being read during

the office of Prime, they turned with one accord toward the Crucifix and there beheld the source of the joy, the confidence, the courage that inspired those Athletes of Christ in the face of horrible torture and certain death. They saw that renunciation, pain and death were joyously anticipated, confidently embraced and courageously endured by these holy Martyrs, thirsting for the sight of God, eager to prove their gratitude, bearing with fortitude the sharp sword of pain—all because they beheld in Jesus Crucified their Helper. With the example of the King of Martyrs before their eyes and encouraged by the brave deeds of His fearless followers, these good religious, still facing the Crucifix, concluded their morning prayers:

"O Lord God, King of Heaven and earth, may it please Thee this day to order and sanctify, to rule and to govern our hearts and our bodies, our thoughts, our words and our works, according to Thy Law and in the works of Thy Commandments, that we, being helped by Thee, may here and forever deserve to be saved and delivered by Thee, O Savior of the world, Who livest and reignest forever and ever. Amen."

\* \* \* \* \*

*"In the morning I will stand before Thee and see: because Thou art not a God that willest iniquity." (Ps. 5:5.)*

**S**TANDING before Jesus Crucified, nothing is more evident than the utter hatefulness of sin. Language may rise to the heights of eloquence and move men to despise base and cowardly deeds. Mark Anthony, speaking over the dead body of Caesar, moved his hearers to horror for the foul deed and urged them to take immediate revenge on the murderers. The most moving point in his discourse was when he showed to the people the robe of Caesar rent and torn by the daggers of his traitorous friends. But how more eloquently do the wounds of Jesus speak to us of the sinfulness of sin. Like poor "dumb mouths they open their ruby lips" and speak of the injury sin inflicts on God and the consequences that it brings on men.

Catholics who stand in the morning before Jesus Crucified and see His sufferings can begin

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the day convinced that He is not a God that wills iniquity. They can see, in His stark and naked form, the brutality of sin, its cowardly and reckless violence. Fortified by the sight of the ruthless selfishness, the cold indifference of sin in its relation to Jesus Crucified, they will be enabled to turn aside from its most enticing and promising allurements.

\* \* \* \* \*

*"In the morning He wakeneth my ear, that I may hear Him as a Master." (Is. 50:4.)*

**T**HUS DID Isaiah learn the lessons, the warnings, the prophecies that he was to deliver to the people. By this practice, he found that "the Lord hath given me a learned tongue that I should know how to uphold by word him that is weary." It was his mission, the work to which God had called him. He learned well and worked successfully because in the morning, like a pupil in school, with a clear mind and attentive attitude he listened to God his Master.

We all have a work to do in life, a mission that God has entrusted to us. Our salvation and sanctification depend on doing our work well, on fulfilling the designs of Providence. Who can doubt or be timid of success if, in the morning, we turn to Jesus Crucified and with awakened ears hear Him as a Master!

Like Isaiah we can learn there the very quality or virtue needed to attain our end. Patience for the sufferer, courage for those in trial, hope for the despondent penitent, radiate from the Man of Sorrows Who suffered so much physical pain, Who braved the difficulties and disappointments of redeeming the world, Who sounded the darkest depths of despair and came back with renewed confidence. Meekness and humility shine out in the indignities and injustices inflicted on the Lamb of God. Hatred and revenge slink away ashamed at the sound of the Master's words; "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." In this School of Calvary, the sharp rod of correction is forcibly and persuasively wielded on every vice; forcibly, because Jesus has condemned them in His Flesh and has made them to appear the hideous things that they are, when stripped of the garments in which human reason and sentiment conceal their ugliness; and persuasively, because, striving against identical feelings and temptations, the Crucified Jesus has given us a perfect example of the opposite virtues.

But Calvary is not merely a school of correction; it does not always resound with harsh words

of rebuke. There are also present, for those who listen, the whispered words of encouragement, positive but gentle tones of guidance and direction. Home and friendship with all their sanctifying possibilities are consecrated in the tender words, "Woman, behold thy Son!" and "Son, behold thy Mother." All flagging efforts of zeal for souls, all wearied strivings after holiness are stimulated and inflamed by those words, pronounced by a parched tongue but expressing the pangs of a quenchless thirst. All humdrum lives, unnoticed workers, souls hidden with Christ in God, are ennobled by Him, Who as an outcast, a failure and dying in disgrace, could calmly declare the accomplishment of an eternal purpose: "It is finished."

\* \* \* \* \*

*"And when morning was come, Jesus stood on the shore." (JOHN 21:4.)*

**N**O DAY ever dawned upon the Apostles more completely discouraging than this. Discouraged and downhearted by the Death of Jesus they had returned to their former avocation. Life stretched out before them a ceaseless and unending grind of catching and selling fish for the needs of daily life. Added to their previous sorrows and disappointments was the fact that they had labored all night and had caught nothing. Dismal and disheartening were the prospects that faced them. And then, just when their need was most urgent, Jesus stood on the shore. One word of advice from Him and they were not able to draw the net for the multitude of fishes. "And none of them dared to ask Him: Who art Thou? knowing that it was the Lord." (JOHN 21:6.)

Morning comes to many, weakened and discouraged by previous fruitless efforts to overcome temptation or to bear with resignation the galling burden of the Cross. Dark and gloomy is their outlook; the pressure, the pain, the futility of life oppresses them. Let such look up and behold Jesus Crucified on the threshold of the day, holding out helping hands and dispensing heartening words. Then they, too, will not dare to ask: "Who art Thou?" knowing that it is He Who bore the crushing weight of the Cross, Who gives freely and generously of its hard-won merits. Let such faithful lovers of the Crucified take heart and rejoice, for, when their night of apparently fruitless labor is over, Jesus will stand on the shore of the never-ending day of eternity and with outstretched, wounded hands He will receive them and welcome them to the eternal enjoyment of His surpassing Love.

# Jamaica vs. St. Francis

## Experiences of a Teacher in the Metropolis

**I**N MAY 1922 I took my written examination for a History license in the New York City Schools. There was never any question of knowing the answers. I had been teaching the matter for a year at St. Francis, Butler Street, Brooklyn, as well as studying both History and History-Teaching at the Fordham Graduate School. I emerged from the examination, confident that I did not fail. Not long after, my name was published as a successful candidate and a postcard came to my Times Square flat directing me to appear before the Board of Examiners for an oral test.

The oral consisted of reading aloud a passage of Green's History of the English People, of giving the definitions of a few unusual words, and of answering a question or two on the history of the period treated of in the passage. I felt at the time that the examiner was paying but slight attention to what I was saying while at the same time he was sizing me up for other qualities than just what information I might possess. Soon after I was instructed to report at De Witt Clinton High School to take a classroom test before the chairman of the history department in that largest of all high schools.

Entering the great building I found my man at once. He gave me a Robinson and Beard Modern History, showed me the assignment for the day's lesson and directed me to the library for a forty minutes preparation. The bell rang for my class at the appointed hour. Going straight to the room where my test was to take place, I faced my class and the game was on. At the rear sat the head of the department, pencil in hand to jot down notes for the filling out of the blank form provided for teacher's tests. Before me was row upon row of dark-eyed Jewish-American boys.

The forty-five minutes sped like lightning. The bell rang and the class moved on. The head and I walked down the stairs together. He was not allowed by the rules to comment on the test but I soon knew that he was satisfied for a card bearing the following message came to me the day after the papers had published the eligibility list with my name in the history division:

*Are you the man who took a teaching test before me last week? If so will you call on me with the idea of becoming a member of the History faculty at Clinton?*

By GRANT MORGAN

I had already set my heart on moving to the suburbs. I was not tired of Times Square but I did want fresh air and the country. Visions of blue skies and a little farm all my own had been flashing before my eyes for a year past. There was a high school in the farthest suburb of Long Island where commuting would be easy. I had already seen the Principal and found him a most affable fellow. To Jamaica, L. I., I was going in February and not to De Witt Clinton.

My license was delivered to me in October. I was offered an appointment at once at a rise in salary of more than \$20 a month above my St. Francis stipend. I might have gone then. We had not written contracts at the Brothers. They would not have been surprised had I deserted my post in mid term. It had been done before often enough by teachers who used the Brothers only as a step on the ladder. I felt bad enough to be leaving a Catholic College for the public schools merely to get a higher wage not to want to make matters worse by playing my good friends a shabby trick. So February it was.

Happy as were the days in Butler Street, I found plenty at the old Franciscan institution to complain of. Thin partitions between the rooms made teaching difficult. The absence of an auditorium, a decent gym and an athletic field made school spirit most difficult to maintain. The Brothers needed a building badly, but the almuni did not seem able to produce the funds. I was sure that I would get expert assistance in my teaching problems from trained supervisors in the public schools. Good light, fresh air, good buildings would surely be the order of the day in schools maintained by an annual budget of no less than \$100,000,000.

**T**HERE WAS one ominous voice that tried to prepare me for disappointment in my new position. It was raised by one lone Irishman, Mr. Hogan, on the St. Francis faculty. He had been for years in the "System" and had left to take a smaller salary and possess his own soul. I hardly gave him a hearing. He must be a disgruntled failure, I thought. But his prophecy that, before the year was over, I would wish myself back in old St. Francis was a true one. Not once, but many a time after I had become a cog in the machine did I wish myself back in the old



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pile of smoky brick with the thin walls, and the Irish-American boys and with the Brothers. With all its handicaps, there was something at St. Francis that not all the purchasing power of the great metropolis could supply.

**E**ARLY ON the first of February I walked from Forty-third Street down Eighth Avenue to the Long Island Station to take the 7 o'clock train instead of a subway at 8:15, for Jamaica High was on double session and the teachers had to punch a time clock at ten minutes before eight. A half hour on the train, a five minute walk, and I was at my new school. The first price I should pay would be a full hour more spent each day in transit. While I was still counting this cost, I arrived at the school and discovered that the teachers had no place to hang their hats and coats nor a decent rest room nor a place to wash their hands. At St. Francis we had simply walked into Brother Jarlath's office and made use of the coat hooks. We did not expect other accommodations in a school supported by the small tuition fees of the often poor Catholic parents of Brooklyn, but as a matter of fact one could always lounge into the office in a free period, or go to the library or to a spare room in the monastery. With no set provisions for the teachers' comfort one somehow or other had the comforts of home. In Jamaica there was a teachers' room, one knew it because there was a label on the door indicating it as such, but it was a place in which no teacher ever stayed longer than absolutely necessary.

Next I was introduced to my official class, the boys who were to come to my room each day for the taking of attendance, reading of notices and other like purposes. With forty seats in the room, the teacher somehow had to accommodate fifty-seven boys. As one teacher expressed it, this required not an education but a traffic cop.

Bells rang for classes and I found myself in the midst of confusion confounded — screaming girls, yelling, pushing boys, helpless teachers and hall cops. In the stairways the jamming together of the bodies of boys and girls made a situation not outdone by the rush hour traffic on the subway. I put a hand on the top of my head palm upward to avoid cracking my cranium on the low stairs while with the other I shut out the stench by the simple means of pinching my nostrils.

To say that I was dumbfounded would be putting it mildly. Where was the large, airy school I had pictured? There it was, right on Hillside Avenue. Built in the days before Jamaica was a part of Greater New York, it had

been more than ample to accommodate the few hundred pupils who came to it. Now, twenty-five years after the amalgamation of the units of Greater New York, the same structure that had been intended to house six or seven hundred was made to do duty for no less than two thousand! This was as unbelievable to me at the time as it probably will seem to some readers of this article today. How could it be done?

It was done. It is still being done in many schools in many of America's larger cities this day. In the old days a teacher had a room assigned to her. It might be the Latin room or the Chemistry room. To it the pupils came for their recitations in Latin or Chemistry. When the teacher had no classes she remained at her desk correcting papers, helping those who needed individual care or preparing her lessons for the next day. In the modern crowded school such leisurely comfort is an impossibility. Every single room must be utilized to its full capacity every period of the day. The teacher no longer has a room of her own. She will have a class during the first period in a Chemistry Lab on the fourth floor, another in an English room on the first floor the second period, a third period in Latin in a Physics Lab on the fourth floor. If the next period is what is still called free, she will probably have to go to the school auditorium and do police duty over a hundred and fifty pupils. At noon one group of pupils will go home, their day's work done, while a second group will come in and remain till 4:30 or 5 in the afternoon. The Physics teacher may have to take down and reset his apparatus several times a day because his room is being occupied by classes in other subjects. The History teacher must conduct recitations in a room without maps or other aids which, we were taught, no modern school should be without.

**A**NOTHER device is to partition rooms intended for single classes so as to make them do service for two. I had one such small room to teach in twice a day for a year. One class that met within its confines numbered just forty-eight for a total number of twenty-three seats. Impossible? Not at all. Two pupils in a seat. One in the teacher's chair. Two or three boys draped over a radiator, with a book under their respective anatomies when the heat was on, four theatre seats in a corner with twice that number of boys jammed together. There was just one miracle I could not perform in that class—I never could quite find time or means for imparting any-



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thing in the way of education. However, that was not the main object which was to squeeze, somehow, into the available space the number of boys and girls sent up by the administrative assistant.

CATHOLIC schools are greatly inferior to the public schools? Anyone who has had a chance to compare the two can give the lie to that old charge. I never heard of a boy in St. Francis who thought the Hudson River emptied into Hudson Bay, that Boston was the capital of Missouri, that Daniel Webster wrote the dictionary, or that St. Louis was on the Atlantic Ocean. I had not one but many pupils at Jamaica who were exactly as ignorant as that. They were not freshies either but pupils in their seventh and eighth terms supposed to be graduated in June or the next February.

My prize exhibit was a tall handsome fellow in his last term of high school. For the first month, while I was confused by the bedlam of a modern public school, he fooled me completely by his interested manner and seemingly intelligent answers to questions. Then one night I sat down to correct a sheaf of papers and came across the most amazing jumble of words I have ever seen outside of the late Mrs. Eddie's "Science and Health." Not a complete sentence in the paper. Verbs without subjects were the order of the day while more often there were just lines of meaningless words as connected with one another as the alleged spirit-writing of epileptics.

I took it to the head of the English department for her reaction. She read it, sighed hopelessly, and then looked at the name of the offender. Immediately her face took on an air of indulgence: "Poor Richard! He's such a lovable boy!"

Poor Richard indeed! How had he got all the way to his last term in high school without someone's having made the discovery that he ought no longer be exposed to the dangers of the English language? How could I conscientiously pass him in Economics and see him walk up for his diploma, an example of the glories of American public education. I continued to like and pity poor Richard but I also did my duty in the finals and gave him a scarcely deserved twenty-five per cent as a grade. If that had meant that he knew twenty-five per cent of what was in the textbook I never told a bigger whopper in all my days. He did not graduate that year. Whatever has become of him I do not know. That summer he got a job as supply preacher in a Long Island

church! I tried to imagine the sermon pierced together by this boy in whose mind there was never such a thing as a sequence of ideas.

Once I confronted a teacher whose training made it seem axiomatic to her that Catholic Brothers and Sisters could not possibly educate children. Why how preposterous! They live secluded from the world! At my array of facts disproving her charges she countered by saying that she had found the parochial school children well grounded in the Three R's but deficient in reasoning power.

I loudly thanked God for that. What a difference there would be in the high schools today if the freshies who come up from the grades were well grounded in the Three R's and what a confession to have to make that the lower schools teach children "to think" without giving them anything to think about!

Even at Fordham the professors who came in from the outside universities to lecture were poisoned by the fallacy that it is the main business of elementary schools to teach pupils to think. Happily for me I never heard of a Fordham teacher saying that learning Latin grammar taught a child to think in sociology, or that the study of Geometry provided him with the means for making accurate judgments in philosophy.

I have tried out pupils just fresh from Geometry to see how well they had imbibed the principles of general reasoning involved in the geometric processes. As a rule I was able to make them see the relation between mathematical reasoning and plain logic only by teaching them a few things in logic. So far as superiority of public school pupils over parochial schools products is concerned I found just this, that there was no such thing *per se*. Superiority often existed in the former over the latter or vice versa but inevitably the reason was to be sought elsewhere than in the school attended. Public school pupils are likely to have a more sophisticated outlook. They seem sometimes to have kept up better with the tabloids than the Catholic children who were cluttering up their superstitious minds with such rubbish as the Three R's.

I DO NOT mean to sneer at the public schools. I soon learned something of the almost insuperable obstacles which the teachers have to overcome. The population increases more rapidly than school accommodations. New children crowd into the lower grades each year making it absolutely incumbent on the older ones being promoted to make room for the uprushing

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mob below. At St. Francis we could flunk failures to suit ourselves. If the crowd from below was too great for our capacity we could force boys who would not or could not study out of the school. In the public schools pupils cannot be flunked in too great numbers. They cannot be forced out till they have reached sixteen and finished the eighth grade. Even then they cannot be dropped if the parents insist on their remaining in school.

THE BROTHERS never judged a teacher by the number of boys who failed to pass. In the "system" the teacher is graded artificially with no regard to the preparation or intelligence of the pupils. Many flunks mean the teacher must be a poor one. If the Principal has too much sense to make such a judgment he himself is handicapped because the Board of Education will judge him if too many of the children in his school are kept back.

Not without reason do many of the teachers refer to their schools as factories. In a factory workers operate on lifeless material trying to turn out so many pieces according to specific standards. The worship of the State which, Carleton Hayes says, has taken the place of the Catholic religion in the modern world is the first and highest requirement of the pupils. Divine inspiration had fled from the Sacred Scriptures and rested upon the Constitution of the United States. From the calendar of the saints of the Church we have progressed to Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays. The picture of a good American exists in the minds of most of the desk holders in our public school systems. The main purpose of the

schools is to turn out good Americans—which in its proper sense ought to be a highly laudable undertaking but which under its modern corruption means turning out so many standardized products made in the image and likeness not of the fathers of this country, but of the small-minded office holders who are now sitting on the thrones once occupied by great thinkers and statesmen. It is no longer a heresy to deny the dogmas of the Church which have behind them divine authority but it is a heresy to suggest that the State can possibly do wrong.

I was a worker in the Jamaica factory and I had just about that much dignity and that much freedom. Red tape, senseless questionnaires and reports, endless bookkeeping, teachers' meetings that took up outside time and accomplished nothing, supervision that did not help solve a single teaching problem, even spying by those in authority, made up a part of the burden already heavy enough with an overcrowded school. When I got out of it it was the feeling that it was no place for a man with a soul in his body. Its problems will go on increasing till conditions demand some sort of radical action. Fortunate indeed will we be if the public does not revolt against public education in general before the needed reforms are brought about.

Hogan was right. Hardly a day passed when I did not long for the peace, freedom, dignity, and good fellowship of Butler Street. When the day comes that our Catholic schools can pay laymen adequate salaries and provide some protection against old age and sickness they can have their pick of the public school teachers if my experiences proved anything.

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### *The Baby-Moon of the Yangste-Kiang*

By J. CORSON MILLER

The baby-moon of the Yangste-Kiang  
Lurches with laughter debonair;  
But the baby-eyes of the Chinese girls  
Twinkle with terror there.  
And the river gurgles a ghastly tune,  
At the base of the landing-stair.

For the baby-lips of the Chinese girls  
(O their slitted eyes and bosoms wan!)  
Cling close to the lips of Death tonight—  
Under moon-water the fish are bright—  
Under the boats of the Yangste-Kiang.

# OUR JUNIOR READERS



## *A New Year Resolution*

By FREDRICK CORCORAN

This day I will begin anew  
My daily tasks with care to do.

My prayers I will devoutly say,  
And so commence each blessed day,

Asking the Lord to keep my heart  
From every evil thing apart.

I will be kind to all I meet,  
Humble, loving, modest, sweet.

I'll always do what I am told,  
And never peevish be, nor bold.

In short, this year I'll try to be  
The best child in the whole country.

## *The Pup Tent*

By M. V. KILLIAN

"ISN'T IT just like George Washington's Army had? Muzzie, it holds only one man and so I know it is. These khaki breeches of daddy's and his trench cap are all right. They fit me and match the blue National Guard uniform belonging to grandpa, which Jack is going to wear, and Bobby will put on his scout suit, and 'by heck' we will have an army all our own," said Billie. His mind was hard at work, for you will find that Billie Riley, after you know him, is an earnest chap and means everything he says. He likes fun and laughs a lot, too, just as all little fellows do, because, you can guess, he is not always serious.

But, let me tell you, when the least bit puzzled, fussed, or amused greatly in a story, or reading of some kind, with which his Aunt Muzzie so frequently favors him, his thumb slips into his mouth and his large blue eyes stare directly at his aunt, as if looking for the next words to leave her lips. Then, every little while he stops her to talk over the feats which he likes best. He must

dream by day about the people of his stories, or else his mind is almost a story captive, for if he receives directions from his mother to do errands, he often returns to have them repeated again. We don't want you to think Billie is a stupid boy for in class he is graded high, and likes study as much as the average boy.

AT ONE time, Billie Riley considered being a baseball or football player, the equals of Babe Ruth and Red Grange, for he idolized his daddy, who during his day was a fair third baseman and also played football. He listened quietly to the many tales his daddy told him, and then, when his Aunt Muzzie or others were willing, he would tell them of his wonderful daddy and try to plan how he could perform similar plays. Billie's ideals are molded pretty much on those with whom he associates, loves or knows most about, so as he grows older we expect wonders from this boy.

Billie is nearly eight years of age, while his brother, Jack, soon will be six. Aunt Muzzie's visits to their home are looked forward to anxiously by these boys, and her time is devoted mostly to their amusement. She was fond of reading to them when they were real small, and now that they have grown bigger they believe her mission is always to entertain them with all kinds of stories, whether history, bible or short stories. Even nowadays, they scramble to her lap and place themselves comfortably, then beg her to read, and you would be surprised she scarcely ever says, "No."

While at play in the school yard and at home, the little boys have often told Billie stories of great doings of their relatives and friends, most likely because Billie thinks his daddy and uncles are the bravest and best men in the country, today. He trusts his companions, but saves up the stories for Aunt Muzzie to pass judgment upon. We are not sure whether or not he thinks his aunt the best judge, or whether it is because she listens to him no matter how long the story is, and then talks it over and gives her opinion.

As a small boy, Billie was very affectionate, and

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liked to be fondled and kissed by his dear ones, but now that he has grown bigger, he thinks loving and kissing is too girlish, and he does not want to be like a girl for the world. As we said before, he is never content until he has a pull at his thumb, just as if it were a clay pipe, and when seen by a girl or woman, who laughs at him, he soldier-like draws it down to his side, and seems ashamed for a short time. But, Aunt Muzzie merely pulls the thumb away from his mouth, telling him it is not becoming to a soldier of the U. S. Army. This sort of reminder is what he likes because she never laughs or scolds him for the habit.

A NEW playmate, who moved next to them, was a great find for Jack. His name was Bobby Potter and he became Jack's steady chum. Of course, Jack liked his brother, Billie, very much, but he would far rather play with boys of his own size. Naturally, then, Billie did not bother playing with Bobby, for he was small and too much like a baby. But, later, he found that Bobby made a dandy listener for his tales of our American heroes, especially George Washington and the famous men of the Revolutionary War. Bobby delighted in holding Billie's two-barreled gun, and receiving lessons from Billie on how to use it, and so on. There was a strong friendship gradually cementing between these lads, so much so that Billie forgot the fact that John Rider, his school chum, lived so far away, when Bobby proved such a soldier-like friend. Jack, too, copied the spirit of 1776, and now these three boys are valiant soldiers of the Continental Army, who fought in the early years of our Republic, according to their young minds.

Bobby asked his grandfather to give him an army tent for his birthday, and when the tent arrived, the hearts of the three boys leaped with joy, and they scarcely were able to wait until Mr. Potter raised it. At once, they took possession of the yard, and occupied the tent, which was crowded when they were all on duty. Believe it or not, Aunt Muzzie was the first one invited to inspect the camp, and Billie was not backward in telling his aunt the American soldiers used these tents at Valley Forge, and in France during the World War. In his cunning way, Billie stood and watched Aunt Muzzie's face to see what she would do or say.

Of course, Aunt Muzzie had attentively listened as usual, but she told Billie she was surprised to know soldiers of Washington's Army were equipped with sleds, scooters, express wagons,

and other toys, which she saw in the tent. For a few moments only, they were confused, and then Sergeant Jack said the guns were there all right, and as they expected no battle for a long time, they would use the sled and wagon for seats awaiting General Billie's further orders. Then General Billie said the scooter would be used by the messengers between the camps.

Aunt Muzzie was also unable to understand why their camp did not have more troops ready for action, and Captain Bobby, who owned the tent, said: "Can't you see all the tents around, and General Billie has only to command, or say the words: 'Give us Liberty or Give us Death,' and our soldiers will march forward and stand at attention." Aunt Muzzie smiled at this play of imagination, and said to them, as she walked away: "Don't give up the *Pup Tent*!"

## Daddy Senn Fu's Own

### MY DEAR JUNIORS:

Christmas was certainly a busy time around THE SIGN office. So many Bobbies came back for the holidays that poor Daddy was unable to listen to all the stories they had to tell. Just a short time before Christmas I sent our old friend Chubby out for a little trip. It was the first time he had ever been out and he came back all excited over the load he was carrying back for the Missions.

I never saw him so fat. And to hear him talk! I couldn't stop him. He kept on talking and talking. Oh, he was so different from the poor, sad Bobby he was last November. He was certainly enjoying the Christmas season. And all through his story he never stopped to ask any questions.

"WELL, DADDY," he began, "I had a wonderful time preparing for Christmas. When you said that I could go to Elizabeth I got awfully nervous. I hoped Elizabeth was a nice girl and that she would treat me well. I prayed that I would not have to come back to you a failure. You know, Daddy, that you had been writing lots and lots of nice things about me and when she wrote in and asked for me I got scared. Suppose I should disappoint her and not be so nice as she thought I was: and suppose she forgot all about me when I arrived at her home: and suppose I got into a wreck and never got to her house: and suppose . . ."



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"Listen, Chubby Professor," I said, "just suppose nothing more; the Juniors are patiently waiting to read what actually happened to you so there is no use in supposing so much. Now suppose you continue."

"WELL, DADDY, nothing happened to me on the way to Elizabeth's house. When I arrived I found that she was very kind hearted because she immediately gave me a five-cent lunch. Later on that same day she came to me and said: 'Chubby, dear, you must be awfully tired and hungry after traveling so far. Here's a little to eat.'

"Then she fed me three coppers. I immediately put on more weight. I said to myself: 'Chubby, you're the luckiest Bobby in creation. I wonder how many other Bobbies get two lunches on the day they arrive at the home of one of the Juniors. Chubby, old boy, you're in luck and you better thank the Infant Jesus for being so good to you.' So I said my night-prayers and told Little Jesus that I knew I had nothing to do with my success but that if He wanted some poor babe in China baptized He Himself would have to help me.

"The next day was Sunday and I was hoping that Elizabeth would take me for a walk so that I could meet some of her friends. She went to the nine o'clock Mass and when she came home she forgot all about me. I was resting on her bureau. After dinner when she was getting ready for Sunday School she came to her room to get her new hat. She never even looked at me. She put on the hat and then stood in front of a mirror and she would put her head on one side and then on the other and then smile at herself and then walk away and come back and look in the glass again.

"I had no breakfast or dinner and I began to feel hungry. 'After all,' I said to myself, 'Elizabeth must be a very proud little girl and I don't think the Infant Jesus likes proud little girls. Proud little girls always think of themselves and forget everybody else.'

"Just then I heard the sound of money and I almost lost my breath. Elizabeth pushed me aside as though she was afraid I would see all the money she had. Somehow I think her conscience bothered her. She knew I was hungry and she knew how hungry the little boys and girls are in China. She came back to look at herself in the glass again and reached out towards me.

"'Chubby,' she said, 'today is Sunday and I want some candy. You know I have to get some candy once in a while. I can't give you every-

thing I get, can I? Tomorrow I'll give you something to eat.' Then she smiled at herself in the glass and I heard her say to herself: 'I'll bet my hat is nicer than Mabel Gormely's. She always thinks she's got the best hat in town but I'll show her today!'

"To make my story shorter let me skip ten days. It was the same story every day. I never got anything to eat. No matter what Elizabeth wore she would be in front of the glass admiring herself and never thinking about me. Once or twice she did promise to give me something if she had any pennies left after getting some candy. But I went hungry. I got so thin I could hardly stand. I began to feel sick and dizzy and I thought I would die. But I never gave up hope and I prayed hard every day.

"Almost two weeks had gone by since the day I arrived when she came in all excited bringing another girl with her. She never even looked at me. She rushed to the wardrobe and began to bring out her hats. She put one on after another and always made sure to ask her girl friend how she liked it and how she looked in this one and that.

"Her girl friend, Alice, was a very nice girl but she began to grow tired of saying to Elizabeth: 'Oh, Elizabeth, that's gorgeous.' 'Oh, Elizabeth, you look beautiful in that hat.' Her eyes began to turn this way and that until finally I heard her cry out: 'Oh, Elizabeth, you got a Bobby Box and you never told me. I am anxious to get one myself and if you don't want this one, can I have it?'

"'Oh, if that's all you want you are welcome to it,' said Elizabeth. 'That Bobby's name is Chubby. He's supposed to be a wonderful Bobby but if he stays around here I think he'll die of starvation.' Then she laughed and handed me to Alice who asked Elizabeth how long she had me. When she heard that I had been there over ten days and had nothing to eat since the first day she cried out: 'Oh, Elizabeth, don't you know that these Bobbies die if you don't feed them?' And right away she reached into her pocketbook and fed me a brand new dime.

"ALICE TOOK me to her house and I had a wonderful time. She gave me plenty to eat and everybody that came in had to see me and feed me. I think Alice is a very good little girl and I'll bet that she had a lot of fun on Christmas day. I wish I could go back to her house some day because I could never be unhappy with her. You know, Daddy, she never keeps putting off what

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must be done and she does not lose a lot of time looking at herself in the glass."

By this time, Juniors, Chubby was getting pretty tired. Like Old Bobby, whom many of our Juniors must remember, he was weary with age and heavy with donations for the Missions. He could not stand up much longer. He begged me to hold him just a little longer while he said just a few more words. He is a wonderful little fellow but he'll never be able to go out again. He brought back such a heavy load that his back was broken. But anyway I took him into my hands and petted him gently and told him what a wonderful Bobby he is.

After resting a bit he asked me if I would give this message to the Juniors: "Juniors, I have had the happiness of seeing in my dream the dearest Little Infant Jesus. In Him I have seen the precious little souls in China. There are thousands and thousands of starving, ragged children in China for whom we must work hard. Try to be like Alice—do something now. Don't be like Elizabeth—proud and selfish. If you try to be like Alice the Infant Jesus will love you and you will always be happy. If you are like Elizabeth the Infant Jesus will not love you. You may be happy for a time but you will always be jealous and miserable when others get more than you do. So you see you could never be happy as long as you imitate Elizabeth."

That's what Chubby says to you, Juniors. And Daddy will say just a word more: "Easter is coming. If you intend to do something for the Missions start right away and always be happy helping the good priests and Sisters who are working hard in China."

With all good wishes for a Happy New Year and asking you to make 1928 the best missionary year of your lives, I am

Your affectionate old

DADDY SENN FU.

### *Some Letters from Our Juniors*

DEAR DADDY SENN FU:

This is Station S.M.G.S. broadcasting. It is the first time we have ever spoken over the Mission Radio. As soon as we reached our \$5.00 mark we simply had to broadcast the good news to our dear Daddy. Will you please tune in, Daddy, and listen to us?

The boys in our class brought in more than the girls, so that gives them the honor of naming the baby. It is to be "James Francis."

Daddy, will you please broadcast to China and get a lovely tiny baby for our Baby King Jesus Christ?

We know Our Lady and the angels are listening in for the first sounds of the saving waters of Baptism to flow on the soul of baby James Francis.

Daddy, we are over our \$5.00 mark and would like a Bobby Mite Box to fill up. We hope the next baby will be a little girl.

We do not know how to say your last name, Daddy. Is it like "few" or "foo"? Please tell us.

Well we are now signing off, Daddy. But we'll broadcast soon again. May we have the pleasure of being acquainted with some of the Juniors? We are backing up our money with our prayers.

Station S.M.G.S. going off.

Your New Radio Juniors,

Per RAYMOND MCCARTHY.

DEAR RADIO JUNIORS:

Daddy thinks you are a wonderful class and wishes to praise you for calling yourself the Radio Juniors. The purpose of radio is to carry messages as quickly as possible. So in calling yourselves the Radio Juniors I hope you continue to send your messages to China just as quickly as possible.

Little James Francis to be is going to pray hard for each one of you but I know he will not be happy until you give him a little sister to keep him company. So don't forget to broadcast soon again.

My last name is Senn Fu and is pronounced this way: Sahn Foo. You see all the foreigners in China call me by that name and they pronounce it as though it were French. Funny, isn't it?

DADDY.

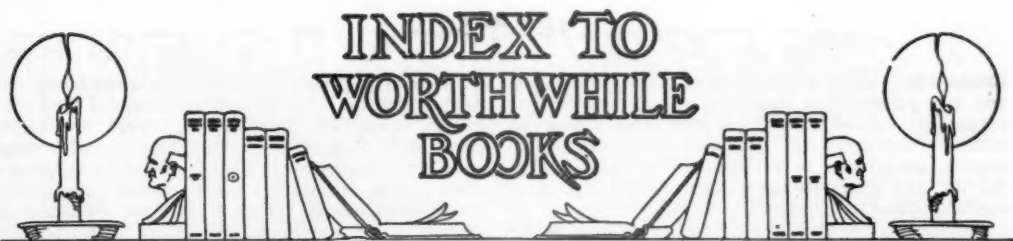
If any of our Juniors would like to write to the Radio Juniors just address your letter in care of THE SIGN and Daddy Senn Fu will see to it that the Broadcasters receive it.

Mary Inez Jacques also wrote Daddy a nice letter. Thank you, Mary Inez.

Dorothy Knorr and Margaret Shields are old friends of Daddy and of course Daddy was glad to hear from them. Write again, Juniors.

Mathilda Kelly wrote Daddy a nice letter. Mathilda writes that she is not exactly a Junior but enjoys Daddy's letters. Thanks for the encouragement, Mathilda.

Yvonne Love is also an old-timer who wrote Daddy for the holidays. Letters were received from Carl Decker, George Morris, Edward Daniel, James Sheridan, Dorothy M. Riley, Willa Mae Henzie, Gladys Grause, Mary E. Butts. Helen Gertz writes Daddy about the Club Lindy they have formed. God bless you all!



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

**SAINT FRANCIS.** By Seymour Van Santvoord. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price: \$1.50.

The author's "St. Francis" is a product of the narrow and frozen Arctic Zone of experimental science and mathematics. The vastness, luxuriance, and splendor of the supernatural Equator are entirely absent from its pages. It is a literary Esquimo's appraisal of a superb plant of the tropical land of Catholic Faith, Hope and Charity. Quite a venture! But it is an encouraging sign that even a small part of the Arctic should have found the Tropics of Catholic sanctity attractive enough to attempt a stroll among them. Unfortunately the stay was not long enough to melt the huge icicles of materialistic science. The author's mortal dread of the supernatural is to blame for his having given us his think-so about a great Catholic character with the greatness left out. Probably the feat may be one of the privileges of the much extolled deity, called Self-Expression—one of the absurdities of The New Thought. Notwithstanding the fact that the book is the product of admiration of and of veneration for the glorious Poverello of Assisi, its appeal to believers will be more as a study of mental methods of unbelievers than a better understanding of the saint. An appraisal which fails to give due prominence to the spiritual background of the appraised can hardly fall short of a caricature. It will take a vast amount more driving force than the glamor of self-expression to induce sane people to rave over poverty, service, and altruistic love; because it involves so very much most unacceptable self-repression. When the author passed from "I think so" to statements about things Catholic, the least readers are entitled to is correctness. Presenting the Catholic belief about the Eucharist as "the transubstantiation of bread and wine to the soul and body of the living Christ" is unpardonable. Consultation of ordinary books of reference might have kept him from other careless statements about Church matters.

Part of the first chapter is devoted to proving that it is not impertinence on the part of non-Catholics to write about noted personages of the Catholic Faith. Who claims that it is? Doing so may benefit both the writer and furnish Catholics opportunities of seeing themselves as others see them; provided that what is written be a genuine presentation of objective realities, and that the non-Catholic superiority complex be not too much in evidence. Catholics are not at all inferior in mentality, nor in sanity either.

**ST. ANNE, Her Cult and Shrines.** Rev. Myles V. Ronan, C.C., M.R.I.A. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price: \$1.50.

Catholics do not grumble about having to believe too many things. If anything, they are more inclined to grumble over not having opportunity to believe definitely much more than is of clearly defined obli-

gation. Hence, so many books of the type of **ST. ANNE.** We would like to know a great deal more about Jesus, His Mother and her family than the Holy Book records. The early Christians' craving for the same kind of more detailed information accounts largely for the legendary lore of the apocrypha. Much of their detail is as well grounded, and even better, as the many evolutionary hypotheses. Within certain limits they are as credible as these hypotheses properly circumscribed. **ST. ANNE, HER CULT AND SHRINES** will prove interesting reading to all to whom anything pertaining to our Lord and His Mother is of concern. A very gratifying result of reading of the book is the realization that devotion to the grandmother of Jesus is not nearly as modern and restricted as some might be inclined to suspect. Catholics will derive much pleasure and comfort from the well-written publication.

**THE ITALY OF THE ITALIANS.** By E. R. P. Vincent. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price: \$3.00.

It is the story of an English tourist's wanderings through Italy, but away from the beaten path of persons who just "do Italy." For this the reading public ought to be thankful to the author. The best of Italy is not in its museums, monuments, not even in its natural advantages, but in its interesting inhabitants and their picturesque ways. Patronizing and disguised pity are absent from the pages. The impression grows on one that the author not only admires but also venerates the people about whom he writes. This is quite a feat for an Anglo-Saxon! With slight exceptions, he has managed to write in an understanding way about the religious practices of Italians. His evident good sense should have enabled him to offer a better explanation of the fact of so many Madonnas, attributed to St. Luke, some black and some white and probably others of different shades, besides the sly hint that the Evangelist was too busy a man to give so much time to painting and sculpture. He emphasizes the fact that touring Italy has for ages been considered indispensable to finished English culture. An explanation other than that hinted at by him may be the true one. Whatever England has of the worth-while, outside of pounds sterling, it owes to Italy. The book will give pleasure to persons who have visited Italy, and will be a preparation for those who have it in mind to visit the centre whence sprang the inspiration of western civilization. The author had the good taste not to burden his pages with learned discussions about art.

**FRANCIS JOSEPH, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary.** By Eugene Bagger. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Price: \$5.00.

The large volume, typographically attractive and literarily satisfying, is chiefly an appraisal of the



causes which led to the collapse of Austria-Hungary, and not primarily a biography of the outstanding personality whose name it bears. The author so states in the preface: "The book is, in one of its aspects, an attempt to re-interpret, in the terms of the life and character of a single individual, strategically placed in a position of unique power, the inevitability of what was perhaps the greatest political catastrophe of modern times: the downfall of the ancient Empire of Hapsburg, last heir of Charlemagne." Though not primarily a biography, the volume recounts extensively the life-story of Francis Joseph, and analyzes his character in an unsympathetic and prejudiced spirit. It is "a book of interpretation, not of disclosures," nor of muck. Muck is too common to be characteristic or even interesting. The author used the power of literary perspective to such advantage, that his presentation is both pleasing and illuminative even to persons whose views differ.

As an appraisal the book presents a very plausible study in the philosophy of history. It deals largely with the causes which effected the downfall of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, which are the same that ruined the earlier great empires, and which will ruin other political bodies—not excluding even the United States. Getting too big is one cause. Unassimilated racial elements are a bigger cause. Centralization with bureaucracy and its favoritism, piled-up laws and taxes, and ignoring the wishes and demands of the governed is the biggest, especially when combined with hereditary overlordship. A pregnant passage is the following from the author's preface; "For a full understanding of what a person is it is not sufficient to inquire into what he does; it is necessary, also, to establish what he wants to seem. The purpose of the individual—be he Emperor or yokel—is to rule the world—his world. But this world resists; and he may attain his end only by adapting, in his consciousness, both facts about himself and the facts of his world. It is a tremendous task; and the only people who are completely successful in performing it are called lunatics, and must be kept behind lock and key. For the normal being the struggle between individual aspiration and individual limitation takes the form of compromise. The evolution of this compromise is called a person's history. Madmen refuse to compromise. They have no history." The Hapsburgs, the same as other powerful dynasties in the past, exaggerated their aspirations to the extent of ignoring their limitations, represented by the wishes, demands, and welfare of the governed. Yet strange, they have an astounding history! They made most intricate history! The Hapsburg Empire was too big; its component elements were too conflicting; its government was too centralized and bureaucratic; all was under the control of a hereditary monarch, who might be painfully mediocre, even vicious in the extreme—yes, mentally unbalanced too. A genius might have kept Austria-Hungary going for a few generations more; but Francis Joseph, though not remarkably mediocre, certainly not particularly vicious, and plainly not mentally unbalanced, was not a genius. Hence, the inevitable collapse. With the aid of his Fourteen Points, our doctrinaire President helped materially to make the collapse of Austria apparently permanent.

Mr. Bagger has furnished Americans a most instructive object-lesson of the likely future of their

own country. The United States is undoubtedly very big; it includes large groups from many of the world's races; insufficiently assimilated; there is an ever-growing leaning towards centralization and bureaucracy with its favoritism of the upper classes, piled-up laws and taxes both State and Federal; the government is becoming arrogant, and the governed are chafing more and more. Plenty of room for sane compromise! So far we have been spared hereditary office-holding, and as a commonwealth we are in the vigor of youth. Are these two last forces powerful enough to counteract the causes which brought about the downfall of Austria-Hungary, and to stave off indefinitely the ruin of the American State? Good government must take into account the limitations voiced by the dissatisfactions of the middle and lower classes who mind their own business—which the Austrian governing class neglected until it was too late to compromise.

IN CHINA. By Abel Bonnard. Translated by Veronica Lucas. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price: \$3.50.

Throughout pen pictures of China at its worst and at its best. The pictures are intensely vivid and succeed one another so rapidly that the fancy is dazzled by the variety and number of the views. At one time China behaves as a magnificent giant, and then as the puniest of pygmies; but in either guise she always appears heavily chained. The reconstructed writings of Confucius, sublimated by various schools of commentators, have made the Chinese both great and infinitesimal: great in mass, but puny in individuality. As China has been caged by the theories of one man anent all phases of national and individual life for thousands of years, so has it been the slave of one dynasty after the other, and is now the hand-ball of different revolutionary leaders; but the spirit which animated the dynasties as it animates the revolution is Confucianism. To keep enchained the forces of evil for the purpose of producing "a perfect surface-view of society," all individual life in China was reduced to a dead level for all, peasant and emperor. Everything must be Confucian—home relations, social contacts, the arts, literature, government, religion as far as there is any deserving of the name. But it is all surface display. The inner China is veiled in impenetrable mystery.

A study of IN CHINA is especially useful at the present time for realizing somewhat the chaos which reigns among a people of undoubted ability in everything to which mind and hand are turned. The western peoples have in this book a revelation of conditions which a prosaic history can hardly produce. The merit of the publication is above question, since the French Academy, the Vatican of the literary world, awarded it "The Grand Literary Prize." The translation is well done. The publishers may justly pride themselves for having added this book to so many of their other commendable publications.

SAILS ON THE HORIZON. By Charles J. Quirk. The Stratford Co., Boston. Price: \$1.00.

A slender volume of sweetly wrought verses that have already entertained the readers of various magazines, Catholic and secular. They are mostly in quatrain and lyric form and of sufficient charm to be preserved in a handy volume for re-reading.





## The Mission Situation in China

*As Reflected in Letters from Our Missionaries*

### Shanghai

FATHER JORDAN BLACK

I thought the accompanying picture would be of interest to you and to THE SIGN readers. True, it has no direct connection with our Chinese Missions but it does fall under the head of Foreign Missions. The soldiers in the picture are natives of the southern part of India. These particular men are members of the Indian Engineers (British). They were brought here to put up the barbed wire and other defences thrown up around the International Concession during the anxious days immediately following the taking of the Chinese city, Shanghai, by the Cantonese.

The occasion of the picture was a visit they paid to one of the British chaplains who was with us at that time. These men are all Catholics and are fine Catholics. Some have come from families, Catholic for generations. They are as simple as children and their respect for the priest is a lesson even to us. When Mass is celebrated in their camp it is an inspiration to anyone. One of the sergeants serves

the Mass and fulfills the slightest rubric. As soon as the Mass starts the Rosary is begun and everyone joins in. A sergeant reads a meditation and a corporal announces the mystery and leads in the recitation. The Rosary ended, the Litany is then recited. It is broken off at the Consecra-

tion and after the Elevation again picked up. They go to Holy Communion at least once every two weeks. After receiving Holy Communion the prayers of thanksgiving are recited in common by a sergeant.

I might add that the simplicity of these men is not born of ignorance. The "dumbest" one among the group pictured here can speak three languages. The two in civilian clothes are clerks for the army but not of the army. They can speak English fluently. I might add that even in the Chinese army there are to be found some good Catholics. Those guarding the Chinese territory around the Jesuit observatory at Sikawei are Catholic boys, for the greater part, and protect the Fathers.

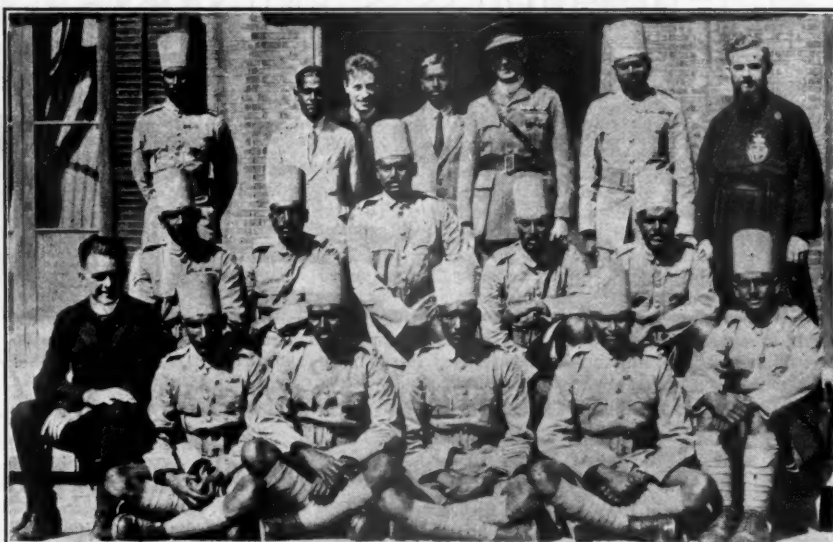
Did you read or hear of the speech made by *The New York Times'* correspondent, at Tsingtao? Fred Moore is his name. Mr. Moore said some things which were anything but flattering about Missionaries in China. It earned for him a trip to America. Present at the lunch that memorable day was the chaplain of a division of American submarines, Father Drennan.



ANTHONY—FR. AGATHO'S BOY—WITH FR. CONSTANTINE. HE MADE THE TRIP FROM YUNG-SHUNFU WITH THE MISSIONARIES

## THE † SIGN

FR. JORDAN BLACK  
IN BOTTOM ROW.  
FRS. CORMAC  
SHANAHAN AND  
CONSTANTINE  
LEACH IN TOP ROW



Father Drennan was at one time President of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade and had hopes in those days of becoming a Missionary to China. After ordination circumstances prevented his realizing this ambition. He is still very much interested in the Missions. After hearing Moore he wondered if the Catholic Missionaries were under a like condemnation. He had a chance to speak to Moore and put the question to him. Moore told him he had intended to make the distinction between Catholic and other Missionaries but it had slipped his mind. Fortunately for the correspondent he did not think of it. Moore went on to say that he had inquired of some person in Shanghai, who was not a Missionary and connected in no way with any mission but who was, nevertheless, in a position to know — what effect the present condition and the present Chinese policy would have on Missionary activities if these conditions continued for some time. The answer was that if the trouble lasted for ten or fifteen

years all missionary activities would be ended excepting the Catholic Missions. The reason given was that while the others had tried merely to make the Chinese better citizens, the Catholic Missionaries had taught only religion. It does not take you long to realize that everyone in the East appreciates the difference between the Catholic and non-Catholic missionary spirit. You may have heard it before but the term Missionary as used in the East means non-Catholic Mission Workers, while we are called Priests, Brothers and Sisters.

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May I tell the readers of THE SIGN that I wish them a happy and prosperous New Year; and may I ask them to pray that 1928 will be a banner year for our mission work among the poor Chinese. With God's help we ourselves shall use all our strength and every opportunity to make it such.



## Kaotsun

ERNEST CUNNINGHAM, C.P.

TO BEGIN with I do not know whether my letters are reaching the good old U. S. A., or whether they are sharing the fate that I think much of my mail is experiencing on its way over here.

I am again back at my old Mission at Kaotsun. I came from Yuanchow around the Feast of the Assumption. I was here last year and when Monsignor Dominic passed through with the Sisters, I was informed that our annual retreat would start shortly after he reached Yuanchow. I, therefore, accompanied the party to Yuanchow. Shortly after that the trouble started and Monsignor Dominic decided that I should not return to Kaotsun but continue to Kieniang to stay there as long as possible and keep Father Clement company. Together we stood through days that are not easily forgotten.

But the coup d'état happened when a young man who was accompanying Monsignor Dominic suddenly left him in

## THE † SIGN

Chenki to return to his home here in Kaotsun. He knew that I had already gone and that I intended to return within a couple of weeks. He knew also that all my belongings were here at the Mission. He boldly presented himself to my catechist and told him that the Prefect, Monsignor Dominic, had sent him to take all my things to a place of safety. The catechist at first refused to open my rooms for him unless he could show some written authority from the Monsignor. Foiled in this attempt, his spirit was still undaunted. Under the pretense of aiding the Monsignor, he rallied a number of Christians to his aid and began making it very hot for the catechist.

The poor catechist slipped off quietly and walked thirty miles to Chenki to ascertain from the Prefect himself what to do. He arrived at Chenki on the Feast of St. Paul of the Cross, April 28th, and was told to wait until the following day. Very early the next morning the Prefect, together with the other Fathers, left the Mission without informing anyone. My catechist did not know what to do. He returned to Kaotsun and finally, under pressure, opened the door. A wild scramble led by our young man ended in the Mission being practically stripped of everything. My trunks were broken open and their contents rifled. Everything was stolen with the exception of vestments and chalices. These the catechist managed to save.

The following day the Monsignor passed through here and saw what had happened. The vestments, except a few which Father Cyprian had placed with a person for safe keeping, were then burned and, to complete the holocaust, the chalices, ciboria and monstrance were broken into small pieces and thus saved from possible desecration. Thus the

Mission was totally stripped of all its belongings.

The Monsignor and his party then left here after advising the catechist to move away lest he suffer bodily harm. Once the Mission was uninhabited the mob entered the house and what was overlooked by the first raiders immediately disappeared. Every bit of furniture, door frames and window sashes were stolen. Then the young man had the audacity to lead a band of soldiers to the Mission to take up their headquarters. He became a secretary to one of the officers.

When I returned here in August I found the Mission in a worse state than any barn could be in America. Horses had been stabled in some of the rooms and from the condition of other rooms and the chapel I would say that pigs had inhabited them. There was not a door or window left in the place.

Of course those who had joined hands with the raiders lived to repent and returned many of the things they had stolen. Many articles, such as my typewriter, were ruined and can never be used again. But I am happy that so many other

things were returned and the fault thus somewhat expiated.

When I arrived here the young man and his band of marauders had already taken refuge in the mountains. Real soldiers had come to Kaotsun and they realized it was no longer safe for them to stay. Only a month ago this same band bound one of my Lani Christians, Andrew Tsen, who was so good to me last year. Under threats of death they secured from his family one hundred dollars. The letters of the bandits were written by the young man.

Now the strange thing has happened, but not strange in China. The Kweichow soldiers retired from this section a few weeks ago and the band with which the young man is connected immediately came to town. He at once called upon me and vehemently denied everything. He knows he now has nothing to fear since his followers hold the upper hand.

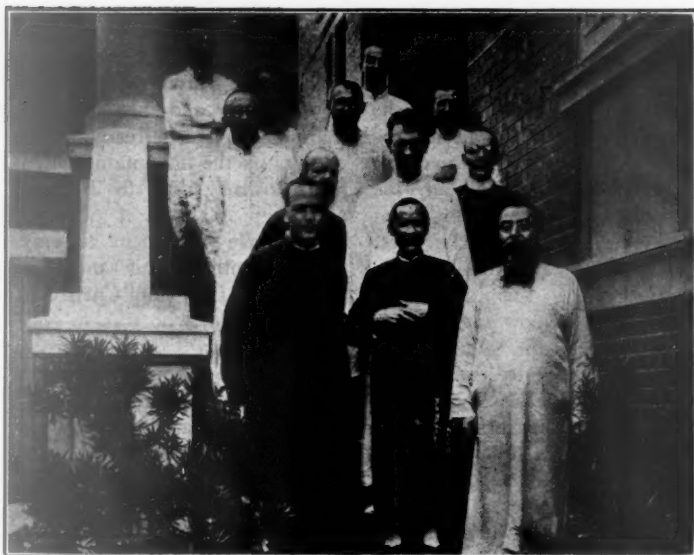
Each of the bandit chiefs paid me a visit shortly after their arrival in town and, Chinese fashion, I had to tell them how glad I was that they had come to protect us and that from now on we can live in peace and grow



OUR SEVEN HEROIC MISSIONARY SISTERS. MAY GOD SPARE THEM!



## THE † SIGN



LEFT TO RIGHT. FRONT ROW: MSGR. LANGENBACHER, BISHOP CHEN OF PUCCI, BISHOP MASSI OF HANKOW. SECOND ROW: FATHERS ARBELY, O.F.M.; MAURICE, O.F.M.; ARTHUR, C.P.

prosperous! I afterwards repaid their visits and they now consider me one of their friends. If they break loose again I hope I am at my Lani Mission when the moment comes.

I have another Mission at Lani, nine miles from here. It was there that I was captured by the bandits last year. The ways of God are wonderful. Last year a certain band of robbers took me captive and led me to their headquarters on the mountain behind Lani. This year the same bandits, who are now *good soldiers*, met me at the river bank and marched me through the town with all honors. The Christians were there also with firecrackers galore. The first thing I did was to pay my respects to the officer. He almost cried as he deplored the outrage committed against me last year! I told him that I had forgotten all about it and had forgiven it. He assured me it would never happen again.

As the house I used last year in Lani was quite a wreck, I con-

sented to go to the home of a Christian. Our procession turned toward the mountain and after a two mile walk up its heights we arrived at our destination. There our guard of honor left us. I felt safer without them. You will be surprised when I tell you that the Christian's home where I stayed was only a ten or fifteen minute walk from the headquarters which the bandits used last year. I stayed there two weeks. One day in answer to a sick call I walked over to the bandits' old lair and baptized a child within sight of my old prison. Again I say, the ways of God are truly wonderful!

I am very much impressed with the simple faith of the country Christians at Lani. Very few can recognize characters and they must be told over and over again before they remember what is taught them. They work in the fields all day. Many of them carry catechisms suspended by cords from their necks. They glance at the book from time to time and thus strive to commit it

to memory. This seems to be a common practice there. Then again, on each Sunday I was there, the poor people, young and old, came from a radius of three or four miles up the mountain to hear Mass. Many came even during the week.

Last week I was again at Lani but could remain only over one Sunday. On that Sunday three of the poor people were unable to come to Mass. But yesterday they showed up here in Kaotsun for Mass. When I asked them why they had walked away up here, over eleven miles from their homes, they replied: "Well, Senn Fu walked down to Lani and back last week and we were unable to hear Mass. So we came up this week to hear Mass and go to confession." I really like the people of Lani very much. In Kaotsun there is a difference. There are only four Christians outside my catechist's family who regularly approach the Sacrament of Penance. The majority are inveterate opium smokers.

I have been alone so long that sometimes I run on endlessly when I have the chance to express myself in writing. I have not seen any of the Fathers from the Yuanchow Mission for the past two months. They are two days' walk from here and are among my nearest neighbors. My nearest neighbor is Father Cyprian who is at Chenki, thirty miles away. He has visited me twice since I have been resident here but I have never repaid his visits, much as I would like to. My mule dropped dead from heat exhaustion on my way over from Yuanchow and as I have not been able to replace him it is very difficult to travel.

No doubt this letter will reach you around Christmas. Let me wish all my American benefactors a most happy Christmastide and even though I may be late with



## THE † SIGN

this wish I still have the privilege of wishing all a blessed and prosperous New Year. I shall continue to remember all my friends in the Mass and I am looking to them to assist me in again outfitting this poor Mission. It is needless for me to assure them that no matter how small their offering, it will be appreciated and well used. If sent to me in care of THE SIGN, the Fathers will see to it that I receive full benefit and I shall try to answer each one with at least a few lines of personal thanks from this land of war and worry.

*Chenki*

FATHER CYPRIAN FRANK

**A**S I SEE things, we are, more or less, in the same kind of surroundings that we were in three years ago. Our entire province is overrun with bandits who wage petty wars against one another. By this I do not mean

that our lives are in danger or even that we have anything to fear.

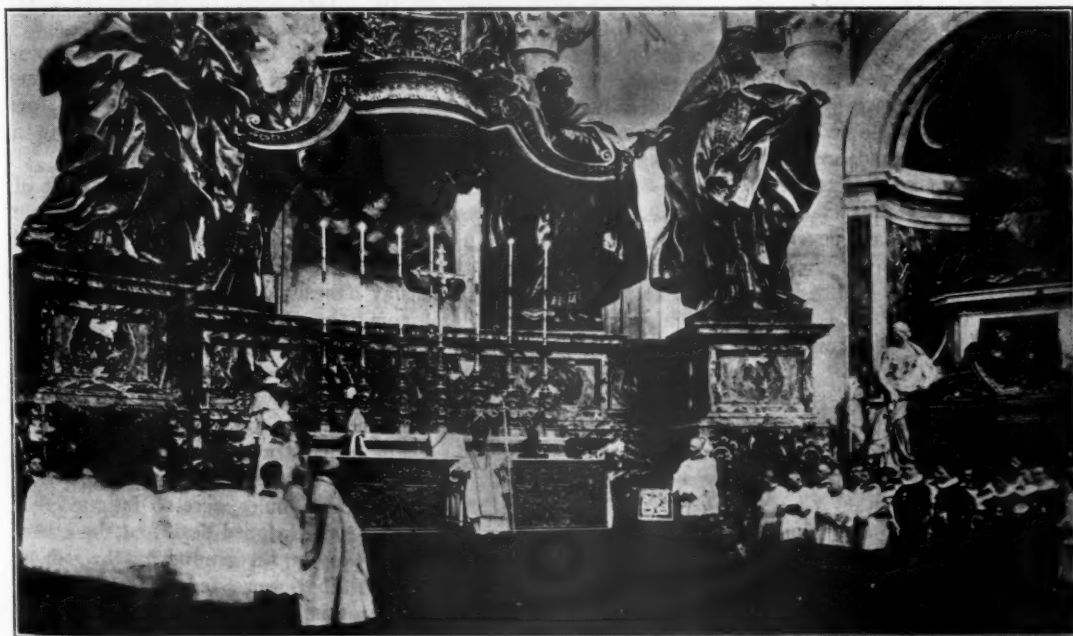
I am still all alone in this district and have become quite used to it. Since July I have made two trips to Kaotsun to visit Father Ernest, and took one flying trip to Shenchow. I had the pleasure of receiving a visit from Father William who is at Supu. None of us had soldiers to guard us on our way. I myself ran head on into armed bandits but they did not molest me. I think the bandits around here would think twice before taking any Missionary into captivity. It is pretty well known that I am very poor and that the others are just the same. We certainly wouldn't make good prizes.

The Christians here are now busily engaged in making paper flowers and other decorations for the Feast of Christ the King. On that day, by order of the Prefect, we will have exposition of the

Blessed Sacrament all day that God may give peace for China.

The other day a certain pagan in the city was acting quite strangely. People said he had a devil. Ten men couldn't hold him down. He was generously distributing black eyes and bruises to those about him. One of my Christians then walked up to him, making the Sign of the Cross on himself and then on the pagan. At once all activity ceased. We can form our own opinions as to the supernatural character of this incident, but I think it was at the least a very good example of true faith.

This letter will scarcely reach you for the Christmas festivities. But all my friends know that I shall not forget them in my Masses on that day. As I remarked above, I am very poor. I am looking forward to 1928 with great hopes. Whether they will come true depends, in large part, upon my generous friends in



World Wide Photo.

PIUS XI CONSECRATES FIRST JAPANESE BISHOP. BISHOP BEFORE THE ALTAR. HOLY FATHER WITH WHITE SKULL CAP STANDING AT LEFT

## THE † SIGN



FUNERAL OF ONE OF THE WHITES KILLED IN AN OUTBREAK BETWEEN THE RED AND WHITE RUSSIANS IN SHANGHAI

America. I pray that the New Year be a blessed and prosperous one for all our benefactors and that now and then they will remember the poor Passionist priests in China.

### *Yungshunfu*

FATHER AGATHO PURTILL

**D**URING THE past revolution which swept over China it has been impossible to keep up with our correspondence. Many letters sent us we have never received. On the other hand, those we have written have never been forwarded to the people for whom they were destined. We know that many sacks of mail were burned in Hankow. Now that things have cleared up to some extent and the safety of the mails guaranteed, I, for one, must get out my paper and pen and catch up with my correspondence.

At the present time I am an exile from my Mission and the Province of Hunan. How it all came about could never be told in this letter. I think volumes could be written of all that happened since the first of May,

1927. I will try to tell you it all in a few words.

The Bolshevistic armies came north from the Province of Kwantung. They captured or destroyed everything in their line of march. Mission property was taken over as barracks or entirely destroyed. In many senses they were worse than the vandals of centuries ago. Nothing was too sacred, desecration was the new rule for China. Pagan temples and Christian Missions alike, were looted. Principally, Christian places, for these had more valuables than the joss house. They took away our houses and churches and sent us into the streets to do the best we could. No native would admit us to stay in his house for fear of the new régime. The merchants would scarce sell us sufficient food to eat. Our money gave out and there was little else left to do but go to a larger city where the foreign gunboats lay. In the days of the Boxer uprising they killed the foreigner. But the Bolshevistic Government was too wise to enter into foreign entanglements. We asked the authorities, "What do you intend to do with us—kill us?" "Oh, no!" they said, "we will not kill you—

we will do worse, we will drive you away by cutting off your food supply."

So there we were without servants, food, money or extra clothing. We were helpless, useless. We could have no communication with our Christians. In fact our presence was a menace to their lives. Nothing was left to do but withdraw for a while to places where we were more welcome.

To go to Shanghai or Hankow was not such an easy task. To go directly down the river was impossible. The river was blocked by bandits. The foreigner no longer having sufficient military protection it would have been insane to attempt this route. So we had to detour and make our way west to the capital of Kweichow and then north into the Province of Szechewan. From the city of Chungking we might get a small foreign steamer to the port of Hankow. This meant a journey of 2,000 miles.

As I said before it is impossible to tell the story in the few lines of a letter. Just a few facts, however, to give you a little idea of our hardships.

We started about the first of May and reached Shanghai about the end of August. We traveled over the largest mountains of these parts of China and this in the rainy season. While it is the rainy season it is also the hot season and when not menaced by one it was the other. The hardest part of the journey was by mule, chair or on foot. We reached Kweiyang in twenty-four days. Our mules were so fatigued that one dropped dead and the others lay on the ground for three days. They were fed and watered in this lying position. Some of the mountains were so high that it took almost half a day to make the ascent. When riding by

## THE † SIGN

chair the heat became so intense that we had to soak the cloths above us in water to make the riding tolerable. Poor water, poor food, rain, heat, mosquitoes, bugs, lice and all kinds of vermin at night, were a few of the pastimes of this vacation.

I am at present in Shanghai for medical treatment. Yesterday I came home from the hospital and am now ready to start up country again.

Things have become a little better in North Hunan so I must return to my work. My Mission was pilfered and scarce a thing left me. I certainly have become as poor as the proverbial church mouse.

### *Notes from an Old Diary*

By RAPHAEL VANCE, C.P.

I WAS in Hankow during the hectic days when the Chinese, driven by the reports of on-coming Cantonese Army, swooped down from Han Yang and Wuchang into the foreign concessions by the thousands. They were days when the British concessions was considered the safest refuge from the demands of Wu Pei Fu and his followers and from Chang Kai Shek and his army.

The night that Han Yang was captured by the Cantonese will ever be a memorable one for Father Celestine and myself, for our Procurator situated in the Jardine Estate, was bombed from Wuchang, a distance of six miles. There was one large gun that seemed to have it in for the Passionist Procurator. Each time it belched forth its three-inch shell of shrapnell it fell now to the right and now to the left of our building. The shell sang a sort of bee song that gave us our cue as to which side to duck. Thank God both ourselves and

the Procurator were spared. The next morning I spent an hour locating the shells and digging them up from holes five and six feet deep.

After the capture of Han Yang came the forty day's siege of Wuchang held by the Northerners and daily attacked by the Southerners by airplanes. It was a time of nervous tension for all but for none more than for the people of that city itself. Thousands died of starvation. When finally the gates were opened hundreds were crushed to death in the mad rush for food and freedom.

The Cantonese were not long in Hankow before they started labor agitation and propaganda against the foreigners. Union after union was formed each trying to outbid the other in their demands and claims. All benefits seemed to have been forgotten. No one but those who lived in Hankow in those days will ever realize the circumstances.

I had seen enough of war and labor agitation in Hankow to make me long for my famine-swept and bandit-ridden land of Paotsing. Thus I welcomed the occasion to return home to my little Chinese children for Christmas (1926). It would not

be Christmas away from the little ones. On December 5th I left Hankow by train for Changsha. It had been impossible to get a first class ticket so I had to travel third class. It being the first train ride I had since coming to China (five years) I little knew what was in store for me.

We left Hankow about 5 P. M. December 5, 1926, in a very crowded coach. I found out before very long that I didn't know what a crowd was, for on the next stop as many more squeezed into our car. Everybody carried his bedding, boxes and bundles of all sizes. As the shelves intended for such baggage had been turned into bunks the congestion became sardine-like. It was by the accident that several soldiers were ejected by the military that I luckily secured a seat, a very hard, wooden seat, that I kept for the twenty-four hours of the rocky ride. After the next stop it was impossible to use the doors to get in or out so that there were as many exits as there were windows in the car. From the number of seats in the coach I figured that its capacity was about ninety. Actual count totalled over three hundred herded into that third-class squeeze carriage. To sleep was impossible, so



THE GREEK CROSS AND THE LID OF COFFIN AT THE FUNERAL

## THE † SIGN



FATHER BASIL SETTING OUT FOR A FIVE DAYS' JOURNEY TO YUNGSHUN MISSION

circus-fashion we ate peanuts and were entertained by a Chinese wit who kept everybody in good humor by mimicking the different passengers. Some one then asked him to tell us something about the foreigners. He started off by saying that he could do that very easily because he could speak the language. After repeating two or three letters of the alphabet in a pronounced German fashion he considered he had proved the statement and then launched out into an oration about the wonderful man Chang Kai Shek was.

At about 4 A. M. my attention was attracted by the groans of a man not far from me. But it was impossible for me to reach him. I managed to find out that he was dying and did all I could possibly do to relieve him. A few hours later he died. The corpse was left as it was on the seat until we reached Changsha that evening at 5 o'clock. People at home might think that a railroad so well patronized should be in a position to give better accommodations. It would be able to do so if everybody paid cash

fares. Out of the crowd in our coach only five or six had tickets. The rest each had a letter or document of some kind from the Military. At each station the two conductors came through, accompanied by a man carrying a lantern. There were no lights in the train. You can well imagine the delays caused at reading over these letters and documents at each stop, not to mention the gymnastics that had to be gone through to get over baggage, human and otherwise. Our "fast train" was called the Changsha Express, and stopped at every station twenty minutes and two hours at a big place like Yochow. It took us over twenty-four hours to cover three hundred miles. I am certainly glad I didn't have to take a local, or have to ride in a fourth-class car, which means a crowded open freight-car.

On arriving at Changsha I was made to feel at home with the Franciscan Fathers. They showed me every kindness and consideration while I stayed with them. December 7th and 8th I spent in calling on the American

Consul and making arrangements for my trip overland.

December 9th. A bitter cold morning. Left Changsha in a "Jow-dza" which is a sedan-chair carried by four men. Road level. Made good time. Covered forty miles reaching Ningsiang, a city with a population of over 600,000, by 6 o'clock that night. Stopped over night at a Franciscan Mission Station. The catechist, Lee Francis, did all in his power to make me comfortable. I could not help contrasting this part of Hunan with that of the Passionist Prefecture. Here all was level, people prosperous, food aplenty. While in North Western Hunan all is mountainous, inhabitants poor, food scarce.

Half way between Ningsiang and Changsha a railroad was in course of construction. Wheelbarrows (a thing unknown in our part of Hunan) were to be seen in great numbers. As everything else is carried in China, so the barrows had a piece of rope attached to the handles so that this could be passed over the shoulders and the weight borne



## THE † SIGN

on the back. The hands were used merely as guides.

The restaurants in this part of Hunan were something of a surprise to me. They were operated on the foreign style. You pay twenty cents and get as much rice as you can eat with about seven different vegetables and three kinds of meat. Needless to say the Chinese are taking advantage of such a feast for so small a price. Thus each of these restaurants had a seating capacity of about two hundred and every seat was taken. The first one I came to I thought it was a marriage feast of some kind. Before the day was over I found out this was quite usual in these parts. Needless to say my boy and I took advantage of such a good meal while it was possible. Later on when we came into our own territory we were more than thankful to get two meals a day. Breakfast at twelve and supper at 9 P. M. No meat was to be had and only one or two vegetables.

December 10th. Early this morning we again started off. Road still level, so made good time. To keep warm and to give men no cause for delay I walked about thirteen miles. About 5 P. M. reached Hwangstai, a city

of 1,000,000 people. Put up at Catholic Mission Station also belonging to Franciscan Fathers.

December 11th. Awakened this morning by downpour of rain. A trip in a sedan-chair is at best not a joy ride and a shower of rain does not tend to make it more comfortable. However, as my time was limited, with "Paotsing for Christmas" as my motto, I started off once more. The road was hilly. This, added to the rain, prevented us from making good time. Covered only twenty-three miles today. Reached a small town with a few thousand inhabitants and known to the world as Gow-mai-pu. Put up at a fifth-class hotel with pigs occupying the next apartment. There were so many of us crowded into the same room that my boy and I had to sleep in the same bed. Being tired out neither the bed nor the surroundings prevented me from sleeping soundly. Had a fine sleep and was loathe to get up when my alarm went off at 5 A. M.

December 12th. Quite cold this morning when we started off. Not raining, though cloudy. Mud helped to make walking difficult. Made thirty miles. Arrived at Anhwa at 7 P. M.

Population, 814,000. We were welcomed here by Rev. Paul Keng, a Chinese priest. The good Father did all in his power to make me comfortable. Someone had given Father a can of butter, so this was opened to celebrate the occasion. As chopsticks were the only eating implements in the house he suggested I use my fingers to put the butter on the Chinese rice cakes. I was deeply edified at the good being accomplished by this priest, who besides Anhwa has fourteen out stations. Father Keng is a secular priest, educated in the Franciscan Seminary. He is now forty-two years old and ordained eight years.

December 13th. After early Mass I prepared to continue my journey. Delayed two hours in getting new chair-bearers. These, in turn, were in no hurry to move on as it began to rain. Finally got started at 9 A. M. In spite of delay we made twenty-three miles, reaching a small town called Twan-sang at 7 P. M. By 8:30 we had supper and turned in for the night in a second story room in a third-class hotel. Five o'clock soon came and once more we took to the road.

December 14th. Traveled ten miles to a place called Pai-chi.



IN THE COURTYARD AT SHENCHOW. FATHER BASIL MOUNTED. FATHER CUTHBERT SEATED

## THE † SIGN

There, after the usual delay in bargaining for a boat we started off in a small sampan for Yen-chi, a distance of thirty miles down the river. Reached Yen-chi at 8 o'clock and to our dismay found no place in the inns. I thought I would have to sleep all night in the chair, when we finally found out by chance that there was a Mission Station there belonging to Father Keng. The catechist lost no time in getting us something to eat. In the meantime word was brought in that bandits were twenty miles out on the road we must take on the morrow. It was suggested that I send word to Father Flavian at Supu to get me a military escort. They said it would only delay us three days. Then I sat down and figured just how many days I could spare in order to reach Paotsing for Christmas. After calculating the distance to be covered I decided that delay was out of the question. I must take the road on the morrow, bandits or no bandits. They made a remark about my courage. To me it was not courage but necessity.

December 15th. Bright and early started off. Only a short distance out when we were challenged by a military sentinel.

## Gemma's League

### SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER

Masses Said	13
Masses Heard	41,554
Holy Communions	25,570
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	84,073
Spiritual Communions	167,982
Benediction Services	13,994
Sacrifices, Sufferings	176,128
Stations of the Cross	15,812
Visits to the Crucifix	725,368
Beads of the Five Wounds	318,690
Offerings of Precious Blood	626,528
Visits to Our Lady	67,275
Ejaculatory Prayers	8,004,097
Hours of Study, Reading	76,150
Hours of Labor	64,566
Acts of Kindness, Charity	72,621
Acts of Zeal	111,979
Prayers, Devotions	1,860,892
Hours of Silence	54,990
Various Good Works	353,896
Holy Hours	252
Sacred Hymns	13,160
Hours of Divine Office	3,000

When he saw it was a "Senn Fu" he told me to go ahead. Without seeing any bandits we arrived at Fa-Chow at 6 P. M. having covered twenty-six miles. Here we stopped at a Mission belonging to Father Flavian. It was a big relief to know that I was at last in the Passionist Prefecture,

though I was still a long way from Paotsing. After a hearty meal prepared by the catechist's wife I turned in for the night. Not so my poor chair-bearers. As there was a movement of troops through these parts these poor men feared to sleep as the soldiers would run them up and make them carry baggage. Thus they made an immense fire and sat about it, taking turns at a few hours of sleep.

December 16th. Started off at 7 and made Supu by 11 o'clock. This was good traveling, the distance being ten miles. It was a big surprise to Father Flavian and Father Godfrey when I walked into their residence. They did not even know that I had started back from Hankow. Needless to remark I got a wonderful welcome, nothing being spared to make me comfortable and at home. I deeply regret that my time was so short for I would have more than enjoyed a week in and around Supu. The country is, indeed, beautiful. It is level and abounds in all kinds of fruits. Father Flavian's Mission and his out stations are a credit to him, bespeaking the great care and energy put into them.

(To be continued)



### "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

**K**INDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

REV. OSCAR W. GERHARDUS  
SISTER M. ANGELA BRYAN  
SISTER ANN MARGARET LEHMEYER  
JAMES A. SULLIVAN  
AL. J. NORTMAN  
EDWARD G. NORTMAN  
ERNESTINE ARLUS  
SUSAN DOYLE  
WILLIAM LEHMEYER  
JOHN McCOURT  
ELIZABETH BARKER  
ELLEN J. HEALEY

CATHERINE FREMONT  
MARY T. KENNY  
MARY KELLY  
MR. TRAVERS  
LUCILLE SPARROW  
EUGENE SKIFFINGTON  
LORETTO EVALD  
JOHN FLYNN  
MRS. M. J. FINN  
MRS. F. J. CONWAY  
JOHN M. BRADLEY  
MARY MULLEN  
PATRICK MURPHY  
MR. PARSONS  
CECILIA J. HART  
JAMES FINNARD  
ANNIE T. NAUGHTON  
W. H. EXNER  
A. FRICKE  
ELLEN FORSYTH  
ANNIE KAIN  
MICHAEL BIER  
EDNA V. NAUGHTON

EDMOND PETER  
ST. ONGE  
MAE O'GORMAN  
ANNIE O'BRIEN  
JANE WATT  
JOSEPHINE BERGIN  
JOHN J. O'DONNELL  
GEORGE PALIZZO  
MRS. MURRAY  
MRS. LOUIS HARTMANN  
MRS. HABIG  
CATHERINE LONG  
HENRY E. HUGHES  
MARY REDMOND  
MRS. FERRY  
WILLIAM HORAN  
MARY SCOTT  
MABEL McISAAC  
W. H. BROOME  
MARGARET A. PIERCE  
J. J. LEARY  
MARY EAGAN  
EDWARD L. DUFFY  
EUGENE MONAHAN

KATHERINE SCHATTNER  
THERESA MULLON  
BRIDGET MURPHY  
THOMAS LANQUETTE  
MARY A. TALBOT  
MR. CONTI  
JAMES L. MURPHY  
CATHERINE OWENS  
JAMES WALSH  
JULIA ADLER  
CATHERINE AXT  
MARGARET FINNARD  
MRS. J. MURPHY

**M**AY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.

# What Can Be Done



**T**HE following excerpt from a letter gives a fair index to the possibilities for good in even one little Mission. It speaks of events now past and refers to a year long ago. But the future can witness a continuation of the same good if our friends will cooperate with us for the honor and glory of God:

**S**INCE last June seventy-five persons were baptized. Twelve hundred and sixty-two Confessions were heard. Thirty-six hundred Communion were received. There were two Catholic marriages, one death, and four received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction.

The Paotsing District has four Government schools, whilst each Mission has a school of Christian Doctrine. Our dispensary treated over ten thousand cases, not counting first-aid in wartime and cases of dental work.

At present there are about five hundred Catechumens under instruction. My staff of helpers consists of ten Catechists, six school-teachers, one Chinese physician and six manual laborers. A Preparatory School has been started and now has four promising young men preparing for the Priesthood. An important item and one in which my friends helped me is the annual expenditures which are in excess of \$6,000. For these favors and the blessings I have received I call down upon my good friends God's favor. I ask them to help continue the good work. Is it not worthwhile?

—(Rev.) Raphael Vance, C.P.

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